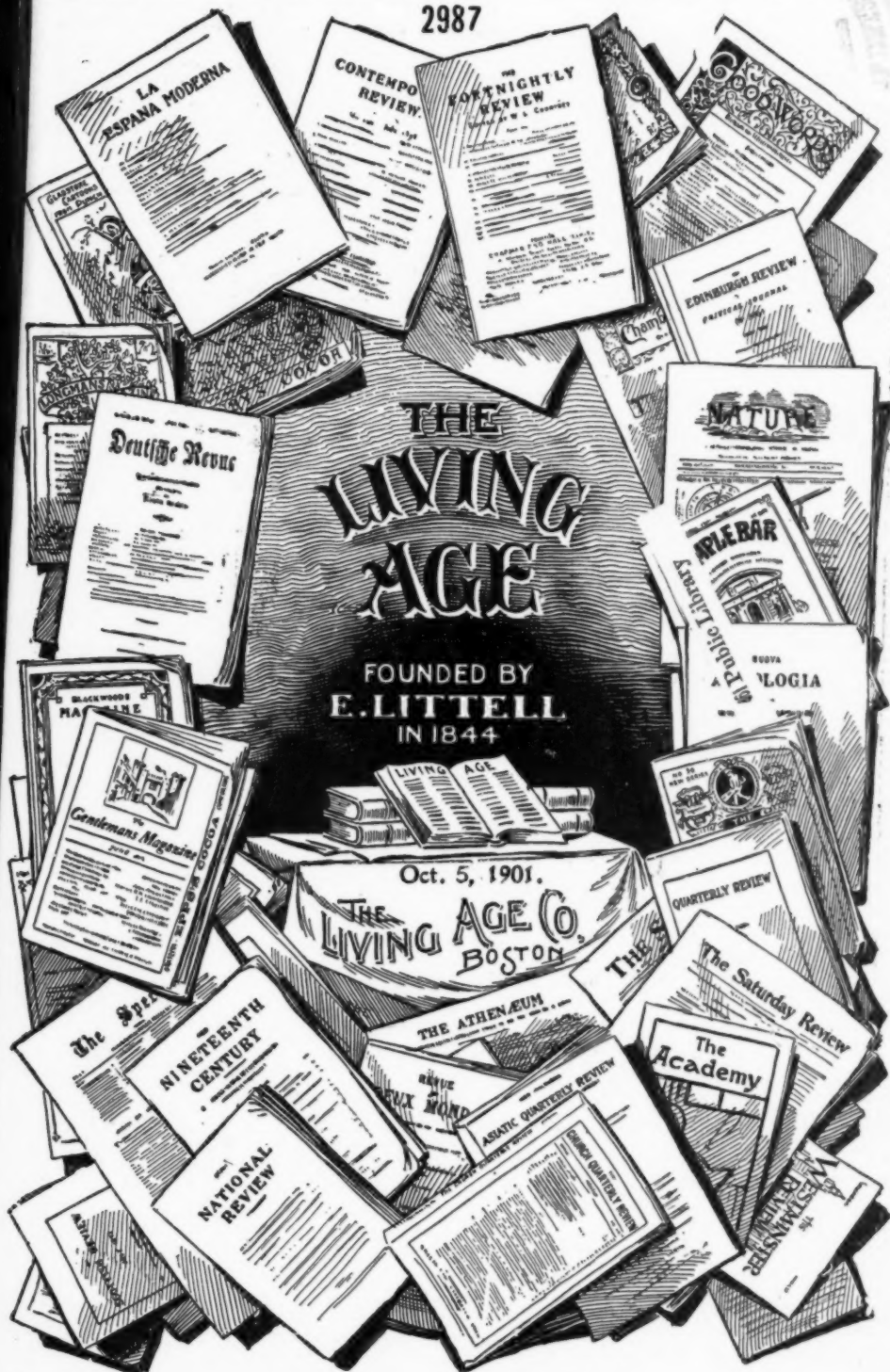


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SOCIETY CROAKERS.*

"At dinner, no talk, no society. Afterwards Billy Something sat down to the piano and sang." So runs an entry in the portion of Charles Greville's journal written during the late reign. Many extracts to the same effect might be given. That, since the days of the Regency, the fashionable world had gone from bad to worse, and must soon fall to pieces, was, with the Clerk of the Council, a commonplace, contradicted by few of his contemporaries. Among these was the late Mr. George Payne, whose unrecorded talks with Greville entertained many hearers still living. In their corner at the New-market rooms, the two friends exchanged more social judgments than bets. The once well-known pair had lived much in the same set; they combined the same sporting, political and intellectual tastes; and each reflected the prejudices of the other. Both were finished men of the world; neither could tolerate mere frivolity. Each possessed an intelligence much above

the average; each lived long enough to lament its dissipation upon the turf. The social group to which Greville and Raikes belonged lost, after their disappearance, Mr. Alfred Montgomery and, more recently, General Macdonnell. All these later men had lived with or near the magnificent dandies who were the products of the Regency, and who, headed by Count Alfred D'Orsay and by Lord Alvanley, prolonged their meetings at the Alfred Club into Victorian days.

For the historic precursors of these combinations of fashion and brains, one may go back to the sixteenth century model of the "complete man," Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Such at least is the social and intellectual pedigree which Payne and Greville alike would have claimed for themselves, and which possesses few surviving representatives to-day. The union of statesmanship and sportsmanship with scholarly taste and even with literary achievement,¹ of cosmopolitan experi-

*1. "A Portion of a Journal Kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847." Two vols. London: Longmans, 1858.

2. "Greville Memoirs." Second Series (1837 to 1839). Three vols. London: Longmans, 1888.

3. "A Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck." By C. Kinloch Cooke. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1900.

4. "Notes from a Diary" (1851 to 1891). By Rt.

Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Ten vols. London: John Murray, 1897-1901.

5. "Notes from My Journal." By the late Lord Ossington. London: John Murray, 1900.

6. "Seventy Years in Westminster." By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his daughter. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1901.

¹ As proof that these men of fashion were scholars

ence with patriotic service, of study with society and pleasure, of distinction at Westminster with luck at Newmarket—this was the ideal of Greville and of Payne, and of most of their school. Their one notion of society was a narrow and exclusive organization, chiefly composed of persons belonging to the great Whig revolution families, or of their hangers-on. The obverse of the medal bore the image of the Cabinet and the legislature; upon the reverse were stamped the symbols of the turf. Greville, and those who thought with him, could only conceive of these correlative systems as close corporations, to which no one was eligible who did not possess the qualifications of birth and connection that belonged to the critics themselves. For a sound state of society, a further requisite seemed the personal presidency of the reigning sovereign, or of some patrician viceroy who claimed that dignity by inherent right.

Such was the state of things under which these men had grown up. George IV still occupied the throne when society began to feel the democratic pressure, whose continuous application resulted in the Reform Act of 1832. The way to that middle-class victory was prepared by the rapid increase in national prosperity and population. Taxation had greatly decreased. New and profitable employments had been discovered. Wage-earners had become wage-payers. The aristocracy of wealth had made itself a social power. That very decadence of the fashionable system, resented by Greville, as if specially reserved for his own manhood, had, in fact, begun during his infancy.

Before the days of railway kings another society diarist, Thomas Ralke, had discovered that the polite world was going to the dogs, that even debauchery had lost its former polish, that the grand manner no longer veneered vice, that the men who were once fastidious were now only indifferent, that in the place of the women, "grand, stately," with "thorough-bred heads and long curls," the social queens or princesses were ladies whose jaunty manner and devil-may-care look suggested in equal parts the Parisian actress and the London *anonyma*.

Yet, even during the period covered by this description, the social structure remained exclusively aristocratic, and its control strictly monarchical. The social life of George IV may have been as lax as that of Charles II; the social influence of the Crown was never greater or more widely penetrating. The favor of George III had established the position of Pitt as the patriot statesman. To the recognition of George IV "Beau" Brummell owed his fashionable dictatorship over his set and age. Another of the Regent's social deputies, Lord Barrymore,² chanced to appear hat in hand before his patron. The head-gear was placed first on a chair, then beneath its owner's arm, with an air that entranced the first gentleman in Europe. Immediately went forth the decree that all courtiers aspirant should perfect themselves in this use of their head-covering. Hence, in due course, followed the crush, or opera hat, perfected by the master-mind of Gibus. Other instances of the Crown's social prerogative are on record. Between 1820 and 1825 tails

as well as wits, Ralke quotes Fitzpatrick's epigram on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, now forgotten but worth remembering:

"Quæ dea sublimi vohitur per compita curru?

An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit?

Si genus aspicias, Juno est; si dicta, Minerva;

Si spectas oculos, Mater Amoris erit."

² Of this Barrymore family, all the members were notorious in the fashionable or fast life of London

at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The three brothers and their sister got the nicknames of Hellgate, Cripplegate, Newgate, and Billingsgate, while their college tutor came to be known as Profligate. The Earl of Barrymore, the Regent's favorite, owned a house at Henley-on-Thames, where the dissipation of Wilkes at Medmenham Abbey were reproduced under royal patronage.

grew shorter and the frock coat came in, solely on the example of Carlton House. George IV liked French cookery; his chef's genius proved the foundation of Wattier's Club; a little later followed the reign of Francatelli* at Crockford's. Of this epoch and of this royal patronage, the dish known as *suprême de volaille* is the culinary monument. Many details as to the social arrangements of the time are equally significant of its aristocratic and monarchical ordering. The shrewd Scotsman, Almack, had opened his Assembly-rooms in King Street, St. James's, in February, 1765. About the same time the opera, first naturalized in England at the close of the seventeenth century by Sir William Davenant, greatly grew in favor. Almack's could not, in the earlier days, be entered without the voucher of a patroness—Lady Jersey, or someone of the same quality. Covent Garden, or the house at the bottom of the Haymarket, long known as the Queen's Theatre, was closed on subscription nights to all not equipped with the same credentials. Hard by, however, in Pall Mall and St. James's, appeared the heralds of the democratic advance. The old subscription clubs had grown out of coffee-houses; their proprietors paid themselves from the revenues of the hazard table. About 1820 a new period in clubland opened. Pall Mall and St. James's overflowed with half-pay officers home from the Napoleonic wars. The United Service Club was established in 1819; other institutions of the same kind followed. In its proprietary stage, as a development from a coffee-house germ, the club had been considered a haunt of costly profligacy. It now began to be looked upon as a co-operative home for thrifty gentlemen.

Elsewhere than in the region of these

joint-stock caravanserais, London found itself on the eve of a great social change, whose signs were visible in certain novelties of street traffic. On an August day towards the close of the Georgian period the diarist Crabb Robinson, when visiting Paris, had seen a thing called an omnibus. By Christmas he prophesies these vehicles will have appeared in London. A movement in that direction had, indeed, already begun. In 1815 the public conveyances of our metropolis were represented by six hundred hackney-coaches. Within another generation the coaches had increased to thirteen hundred. In addition to these, two hundred cabriolets were plying for hire. Then came the fulfilment of Robinson's prediction. Shillibeer's omnibuses, drawn by three horses, carried twenty inside fares and nine outside. Competition speedily brought down prices; first, new cabriolet companies charged one-third less than the hackneys; then followed other omnibus companies; hansom cabs began to ply three years before the late Queen's accession, and soon became popular. Other locomotive conveniences came in. So early as 1800 Benjamin Outram had introduced an improvement in the rails along which, in the north of England, heavily laden vehicles then ran. The next year the Outram invention showed itself in the first metropolitan tramroad from Croydon to Wandsworth.

The comfortable or opulent suburban life of London was now beginning. During the later years of George III and those of his immediate successors, the population of the capital increased from an average of twenty-two per acre to fifty-one per acre. Directly the City ceased to be the living-place of its business population, the fine gentlemen and ladies, to whom London meant only the St. James's district or Mayfair, began to complain that the "cits,"

* Francatelli, born 1805, lived till 1876. After leaving Crockford's he was at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly.

whose homes were now in Bayswater or Chelsea, invaded their favorite thoroughfare, Bond Street. The Whig friends of the people, once the Prince's favorite companions, showed themselves strong conservatives in a topographical sense. They could not be induced to exchange their Bond Street haunt for the Quadrant, which bore their patron's name. They had already protested vainly against the substitution of iron railings for the solid wall that formerly encircled Hyde Park. The King himself risked disfavor with his satellites by encouraging metropolitan improvements of a generally attractive kind. The parks were laid out anew. North and west of the Marble Arch were built rows of dwelling-houses, furnished with all modern improvements. These abodes at once became in great demand with the professional and commercial classes, which henceforward gradually associated with the political families. Directly the newcomers promenaded Bond Street, the fine gentlemen and ladies of the old Whig *régime* protested that London was becoming uninhabitable for people of good condition.

Thus spoke the earlier prophets of social disintegration. The Reform Act, "by opening the floodgates of revolution, was to sweep away all social landmarks, and destroy the monarchy as it had already stultified the House of Lords." By its close association with the territorial interest the House of Commons had always been distinguished from the representative assemblies of the Continent, and was regarded as the great safeguard against democratic and destructive legislation. This connection was threatened, or, as some thought, destroyed, by the ten pound suffrage. The Bill abolished the nomination boroughs, the strongholds of Whig aristocracy, and gave three-fifths of the House of Commons to more or less independent cities. Only

a few sanguine persons believed that the Chandos clause, giving a vote to tenant farmers, could preserve the constitutional balance between the aristocratic and the democratic forces. The Lord Carnarvon of those days, a Whig, left out of the Grey Cabinet, had delighted society by describing the measure as the plan of one who must either have a fool's head on his shoulders or a traitor's heart in his bosom.

The Bill—"the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"—became law. The Crown and the Church continued to exist. The *personnel* of Parliament underwent no sudden transformation. For a doomed polity, on the brink of a volcano, society displayed considerable equanimity; it continued to dance, dine and play. Continental spectators, who knew and saw more of the game than the players themselves, shrewdly remarked that society in England was not suffering from the Reform Bill at home, but from an unusually severe attack of the old British malady the spleen. Independent testimony to that view is incidentally furnished by Lord Malmesbury in his "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister." The fine and fashionable people of those days seem to have been attacked by revolution on the nerves. Thackeray satirized the complaint when he contrasted the late duke entering London in a chariot and four, by the Great North Road, with his successor sneaking into a hansom cab at Euston Square terminus. Lord Malmesbury puts the same truth more prosaically when he laments the contempt of appearances displayed by certain Hampshire nobles who actually, within a few years of the battle of Waterloo, drove into the town of Christchurch in a pair-horsed barouche instead of in a carriage and four with outriders. Worse still, when Lord Malmesbury and his brother went to Eton in 1821, they were the only two boys, except the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John

Scott, and the Duke of Wellington's sons, who brought with them a private tutor.

The Reform Act was followed by the appearance at Westminster of a new type of member, such as Joseph Hume, the Radical; but the *personnel* of the Lower House was not at first generally affected by the change. Till the era of railway enterprise and speculation set in, the element that chiefly gave color and character to the popular chamber differed little from that which dominates the Upper House to-day. Nor was the polite world in England visited by any French scares more recent than those of the eighteenth century terror. The orderly manner in which the Revolution of July had been accomplished had exercised a reassuring influence in England; it did much towards reconciling the middle classes to the political prospect opened by the Act of 1832. Society, however, or at least that section of it that to men like Greville and Raikes meant only a little less than the entire universe, would not let itself be so easily exorcised of its terrors. It did not really know the nature and origin of its alarm. Its apprehensions, as a matter of fact, were scarcely due to political causes at all, and perhaps on that account they were the less easy to allay.

The Jeremiahs of the hour found their inspiration in the social as easily as in the political atmosphere. Between 1832 and 1837 the earliest revival of the mediæval influenza afflicted the West-End. Wealthy invalids, real and imaginary, migrating to the pleasure-haunts of France and Italy, spoke of themselves as political fugitives from a Radical-ridden country rather than from a foggy climate, in which gloomy weather and social miscarriages had eclipsed the gaiety of successive seasons. The vulgarization of Almack's, both club and rooms, may have been, in part at least, as the Duke of Wel-

lington himself hinted to Lady Jersey, the phantom of a dyspeptic imagination; but it was a source of loud and frequent complaint in fashionable company. Almack's Club occupied in Pall Mall the site of the present Marlborough Club. It was the scene of Charles Fox's chief losings at the faro table. In one of its ante-rooms, thence called the Jerusalem chamber, waited the Hebrew money-lenders who advanced the money to cover the night's losses. The modish and at first rigidly select casino in King Street hard by, belonging to the same proprietor, had been started about the same time (1765). The club has disappeared; the rooms have undergone a typical change.

The vicissitudes of Almack's Rooms are a sort of parable of those experienced by their fashionable frequenters. To talk as if each new season must assuredly be the last, was the fashionable cant of the period. Fifty years ago Thomas Raikes was dead, and Greville and Lord Malmesbury had passed from young men of pleasure and *ton* into old-world veterans. As little in their age as in their youth did there exist serious reason for anticipating those destructive transformations which in all epochs, since polite life began to be a complex organization, have affrighted the imaginations of our social Cassandras. Eventually the select Almack's passed into the universal Willis's Rooms. The place once monopolized by a single interest or class has become the mirror and the meeting-ground of all interests and coteries. The change, of which a single building is thus the monument, has been reflected in the experience of the whole fashionable world.

There has been no revolution, but continuous development. Without being altogether dismembered into Greville's "gangs," society has experienced a disintegration into sets, the members of which, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's

last volumes remind us, are united amongst themselves by the ties of common interest for the most part not political. At the time when Greville and Raikes began their journals, those social changes had already set in, which, continued to the present day, have invested the polite world with an appearance and with interests very different from those our ancestors knew. The germs of those new and higher subjects of thought and pursuit that, within the last few years, have become new principles of social organization, were struggling into existence during the half century between 1789 and 1840. During this period fine or fashionable society began to be stirred by influences more permanently quickening and elevating than those of politics. About Holland House, as a social and intellectual centre, Macaulay's famous account admits of no addition. From the end of the eighteenth till the middle of the nineteenth century Lady Holland's drawing-room welcomed every Englishman notable in any department of action and of thought, as well as, at one time or another, every foreigner of distinction who visited these shores. The Kensington host and hostess, it must also be remembered, though the best known, were far from being the only indefatigable members of their class. Long before even Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay occupied Gore House, their receptions in Seamore Place had been burlesqued by Dickens. London is now so exultantly conscious of its latter-day cosmopolitanism as to forget or ignore that, some threescore and ten years ago, its most modern hospitalities were being foreshadowed by international dinner-parties and drawing-rooms. Baron Nieumann, the secretary to the Austrian Legation in London, had married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Before his removal to Florence, his London house was ever open to well-

introduced guests of all nationalities and tongues; it was popularly known as the Tower of Babel, and deserves historically to be remembered as the first well-defined centre of that cosmopolitan London, which is too often spoken of as the exclusive invention of later Victorian years. Before the epoch of the Nieumann hospitalities attention to foreign politics had practically been confined to professional experts and students; continental affairs now successfully competed with Whig and Tory partisanship as an interest for fashionable society at large.

Nor did the literary and miscellaneous *causeries* of Gore and Holland House, or the details of statesmanship beyond the four seas, discussed in the Nieumann drawing-room, constitute the only signs that the mind of polite London languished for something more full and free than the political atmosphere which it had hitherto exclusively inhaled. The D'Orsay-Blessington period was also that of literary annuals, then generally called albums or keepsakes. Lady Blessington, herself an editress of such a miscellany (1835), had introduced to polite readers Benjamin Disraeli, then chiefly known as a rather second-rate dandy. His contribution to the "Keepsake," entitled the "Carrier Pigeon," includes among its characters a Lothair. Some touches in this sketch, seen by the light of a subsequent performance, seem fairly prophetic of the eponymous hero of the novel which the late Mr. Froude described as incomparably Disraeli's best. The same collection contains also some verses by the future Conservative leader on the portrait of the then Lady Mahon, afterwards Countess of Stanhope. These lines were so much admired that at the time their author was pointed to, not as a coming statesman, but as a possible Byron.

In Sir Charles Murray, who died not long ago, there passed away the last

survivor of the guests at the breakfast parties of Samuel Rogers, in the Park Place room, whose view across the Green Park has been so often described. Science had become not less of a social interest than letters. The modish periodicals, caricatured by Thackeray in "Pendennis," had popularized the pen in hands that usually held only the fan or the cigar. These magazines have been much laughed at; they are, however, not without historic importance; they may even be regarded as the precursors of those more solemn periodicals of the present day whose contributors for the most part persons of high rank or position, compete with each other in signed contributions, printed in the order of the social precedence belonging to their writers. Physical enquiry, since the days of Charles II, had ranked high among studies not unbecoming a gentleman or a prince. Of the growing acceptance throughout all circles of polished society which scientific studies since then have found, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells us much that is new, true, and permanently valuable.

In this way, at a period now practically forgotten, grew up those new interests which in the present day have largely superseded politics as an organizing principle of refined life. Society was being educated out of conventional politics into more intellectual tastes by the instructive and stimulating examples of men, not born into great position, who, by brilliancy of talent and width of knowledge, had obtained an ascendancy, comparable with that of Samuel Johnson in an earlier age, over the most exclusive sets in the West-End world. Wits and talkers, so attractive in their different ways as Thomas Moore and Lord Macaulay, permeated other circles than those in which they themselves moved. The late Lord Houghton, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Froude have perpetuated the

breakfast-party as a social rite to our own time. Some two or three generations ago it was an intellectual discipline whose influence made itself felt far beyond the limits of the guests themselves. Other agencies of the period had an educational value even more noticeable and immediate. The British Association held its first meeting at York in 1831. Its two chief organizers, Sir David Brewster and Sir Roderick Murchison, agreed in thinking that Faraday's lectures at the Royal Institution and Carlyle's discourses at Willis's Rooms played an essential part in preparing the popular mind to appreciate the new movement.

The foregoing retrospect may suffice to show the gradual development, in the polite life of England, of new interests, resented and denounced by exclusive and reactionary critics such as we have now glanced at, for no other reason than that they were more popular and more accessible than the political or sporting pursuits, regarded by Greville and his friends as alone deserving to regulate or to color social intercourse. The real truth of the matter has never been put better than in the statements and sketches contained in Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, "Endymion." "At this time London was a very dull city, instead of being, as it is now, a very amusing one." The predictions of impending doom proceeded chiefly from Whig pessimists. The tone adopted by the chief newspapers of the day, even by the sanguine "Times," became increasingly gloomy. Authority of all sorts was menaced. The aristocracy were threatened. The Crown had become a mere cipher. A few days after the culmination from Printing House Square, Raikes is walking round the Royal Exchange; he notices that in the *enceinte*, to be adorned with statues of all our kings, only two niches remain vacant; one is destined for William IV, another, the sole re-

maining vacancy, for King William's successor. Some people, characteristically comments the diarist, might think this ominous. In the once familiar doggerel of some mock-heroic lines it might have been said indeed—

The air is full of omens. Scarce had I
set
My foot outside the threshold ere
I met
A dog. He barked; full well that bark
I knew.
I met another dog, and he barked too.

The very creator of modern Conservatism was quoted in support of the socio-political grumblers of the hour. Had not Sir Robert Peel recently expressed his respect for the aristocracy of birth and of intellect, and withheld it from the aristocracy of wealth? Had not Mr. Raikes himself at White's Club recently met Sir C. Manners Sutton, one of Mr. Denison's predecessors in the chair, and heard from him what appeared a confirmation of Peel's opinion on the vulgarization of St Stephen's? As for the House of Commons, only give it rope, it would destroy itself; and the country, accustomed to the rule of statesmen belonging to country families, would revolt against the despotism of political *parvenus*. Peel's antithesis of the power conferred by wealth to that conferred by birth or brains, obviously a cross-division and not worth repeating, reflected the social prejudices of the moment. It was on the lips of Belgravia and Mayfair. Plutocracy, or, as some called it, shopocracy, was now found to have fatally tainted the organization of the polite world; the welcome accorded to industrial millionaires, with their wives and daughters, would leave no place in

fashionable London for the wives and daughters of country gentlemen or even of the smaller nobility.

Till the crash of his quickly-made fortunes within two years of the Queen's accession, the York linen-drapeer's son (notorious as the "railway king"), Hudson, lived at Albert Gate in the house which is to-day the French Embassy. Here was held the first of those extravagant hospitalities which inspired the old acres with so great a dread, real or affected, for the new wealth. In the morning Mrs. Hudson horrified ladies of older position and of more subdued tastes by driving through Hyde Park in a carriage so loudly painted that its colors were said to drown the rumble of its heavy wheels; in the evening she held receptions which the Duke of Wellington and more than one of the royal princes condescended to attend. Long before this, however, wealth had taken its place in the first rank of social forces. The financial predominance of the Rothschilds throughout Europe began with the nineteenth century; their social sovereignty dates from the opening of the Victorian age; their compatriots, the Goldschmidts, had won recognition from the court of George III, who, when at Windsor, often visited the head of the family at his country house between Sheen and Richmond. Paris society opened its arms to prosperous and intelligent Hebrews rather earlier than did that of London. In 1839 *la haute finance* and *la haute politique* met almost nightly beneath the roof of the French representatives of the Rothschild dynasty. Then it was that Lord Malmesbury, on a visit to some of the *vieille noblesse* of the Faubourg St Germain, was surprised to meet, among the dinner-guests of

* "The Speaker said to me at White's this morning, 'It is the fashion to compliment me on my knowledge of the forms of the House and the rules in debates, but all my past experience in Parliament is positively good for nothing; the business in the

House is carried on so differently from the former system that I am, in fact, as great a novice as any of them.'"—Raikes's 'Journal' (2nd March, 1838), vol. i, p. 100.

the Semitic capitalists, families of ambassadorial rank like the Apponyis or Sebastianis, as well as Whig noblemen not less exclusive than Lord Granville himself. This social fusion between the two powers of wealth and rank is only one among many instances, which show that the social evils complained of by latter-day Jeremiahs were already firmly rooted in the polite world in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Whether, therefore, in respect to the decreasingly exclusive tastes and occupations of society, or its more representative composition, Greville's charge of decadence might have been made, with not less good reason, a generation before or a generation after the Whig enlargement of the electoral body. The conventional complaint, in one form or another, had indeed been a commonplace in reactionary clubs and drawing-rooms from the beginning of the Hanoverian epoch. Smollett in "Roderick Random" had something to say incidentally on the subject, though not so much as his rival Fielding. Squire Western, when roundly cursing the Hanover rats, with all their social and political environment, had in fact anticipated the more refined but scarcely less extravagant generalizations and predictions of the later social and political croakers. In other words, the social and political circumstances of the time, expressed in the growing ascendancy of a wealthy middle class, which rendered such a change inevitable, were absurdly thought to prelude a dispensation of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," in which no place would be left for the life of drawing-rooms and clubs. The narrow and sectarian basis, on which the organization of fashion had formerly rested, was directly opposed to the varied life and the growing activity of fresh elements and new interests which, on the eve of the Victorian era, were to animate social intercourse.

The journals of Speaker Denison and Sir John Mowbray, and the numerous volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diaries, cover much the same period. Each of these records was written under conditions nearly identical with those prevailing to-day, long after the social *débâcle*, which seemed to their predecessors inevitable, was overdue. Within the period, therefore, occupied by these later writers, ought, if anywhere, to be found something like the fulfillment of the dismal vaticinations formulated by the earlier seers. John Evelyn Denison belonged pre-eminently to the social order doomed to extinction by the legislation which changed our parliamentary system from a name to a reality. During many generations his ancestors had been the "men of metal and acres" whose support was forfeited by Sir Robert Peel when he declared against the Corn Laws. After the usual training at Eton and Oxford, Mr. Denison became, by his father's death, the head of an old family and the master of a large estate—Ossington in Nottinghamshire. To the business and associations of quarter sessions not less than to the discipline of school and college, Mr. Denison used to declare himself indebted for the tact, impartiality and discrimination displayed by him in the chair at St Stephen's. He had sat in the unreformed Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyne and for Hastings; his knowledge of official life, as Junior Lord of the Admiralty, began under Canning. By birth a Whig, he connected himself by marriage with a great Whig revolutionary family. Here then was a man whose ancestral influences and later relationships would have predisposed him to sympathize with the social ideas of the patrician Greville, of the ennobled Fitz-Harris, and of the fastidiously dandified Raikes. Their prejudices, social and political, would naturally have been his. His experi-

ence might therefore have been expected to verify the apprehensions which the scared imagination of his elders had conjured up.

Lord Ossington's journal is not a volume of miscellaneous reminiscences; it is rather a critical review of leading incidents in the official life of the House from 1857 to 1872. It therefore comes within the scope of his work to notice any deviations on the part of members from strict parliamentary rules. Reference has been already made to the depressing forecast for which Ralke had found (1833) justification in Speaker Sutton's words about the reformed House. By 1857 the successful capitalists and well-to-do traders who, a score of years earlier, had entered St Stephen's, seem to have been thoroughly trained to good manners. It is at least significant that the only approach to irregularity recorded in the Denison diary was committed by a Tory representative of the territorial interest, whose family had sat in the House for four generations, and who was himself a pattern of parliamentary propriety. Mr. J. Stuart Wortley, on March 17, 1859, rose to make a personal complaint of having been ill-reported in a newspaper. In the first place Mr. Wortley did not make it clear that he would conclude with a motion related, as that for the adjournment was not, with the subject-matter of his remarks; secondly, the House did not, and does not even now, recognize the reports of its debates; so "the incorrectness of that particular version could not come within its cognizance." The Commons, therefore, agreed with their president in considering the whole proceeding irregular.

The widow of Mr. Stuart Wortley has not long since died. During her married life she held in the Carlton Terrace quarter, a political *salon*, which at the time was very successful, and the retrospect of which to-day is full of interest.

It is in Mrs. Stuart Wortley's drawing-room that the opening scene of "Endymion" is laid. On December 3rd, 1852, Mr. Disraeli, as Lord Derby's Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought in his budget. Mr. Gladstone spoke a week later. The budget was defeated by 305 to 286. The victorious orator concluded just in time to keep a dinner engagement near Pall Mall. That evening, in Mrs. Stuart Wortley's drawing-room, the tale of the great duel at St Stephen's between the two champions was told and the composition of the coming Aberdeen Coalition Ministry was discussed. According to one account, that favored by Abraham Hayward, it was also as Mrs. Stuart Wortley's guests that Gladstone and Disraeli met socially for the last time; but the late Lord Granville inclined to place the scene of that incident at Lady Derby's in St. James's Square.

To pass to the social life of the two great parties; the Liberals are generally supposed to have succeeded better in the drawing-rooms, the Conservatives in the clubs. That view is not entirely supported by all the facts. The Lady Jersey presented as the Zenobia of "Endymion" first appears in the drawing-room which the novelist has sketched from his memory of Mrs. Stuart Wortley's parties. In the period so depicted, Lady Jersey's house in Berkeley Square was the one social agency on the Tory side which counterbalanced the social attractions of Cambridge House and Lansdowne House. Sir Robert Peel and those about him dwelt rather bitterly on the check given to the Conservative reaction during the thirties by the lack of proper social machinery. Clubs in Pall Mall seemed more of a party want than houses in Mayfair. White's had originally been identified with the Tory connection; gradually it lost all political color. On the other hand, Brookes's continued to be, as in name it is to

this day, exclusively a place of Whig reunion. Rakes was invited, in 1832, to assist at the new Tory institution, for which Lord Kensington's house in Carlton Gardens had been taken; the diarist forgot to say that the Carlton Club immediately grew out of the efforts of the Conservative Whip, still best remembered as "Billy" Holmes, who was complimented by his political chiefs on the happy thought. The Junior Carlton originated in much the same way. Mr. Markham Spofforth, then the election manager of the party, was beset by applications from his provincial agents to promote their candidature at the Carlton or the Conservative. That proved impracticable. Mr. Spofforth therefore suggested to his leader, Mr. Disraeli, a supplementary institution. Lord Derby, then the Tory leader, at first demurred, but ultimately signified his approval, "provided that the curtain did not rise till the stage was full." At first the result seemed disappointing; but soon the applications were counted by thousands, and prosperity increased till the present dimensions and influence of the Junior Carlton Club were finally attained.

Within the last generation, however, the whole socio-political situation has changed. The Liberal descendants of the old Whigs have been left without any place of social rallying, such as Cambridge House used to be in Palmerstonian days. Nor are the Conservatives much better off in this respect. In 1886 the late Lady Salisbury, as wife of the Conservative leader of the Lords, did indeed recommence in Arlington Street those duties of entertaining which have, in the past, been pronounced indispensable to the cohesive life of a great political connection. The work could not have been better done. But it was not their political character which formed the chief attraction of the Arlington House draw-

ing-rooms; the variety of the guests gave special interest to their meetings. The divisional chiefs, as well as "the average M. P. and his wife," were, indeed, generally there; but Lady Salisbury judiciously blended political ingredients with others having no connection with either House of Parliament. One other illustration of the old order survived till quite recent times. Not till Mr. Milner-Gibson's death in 1884 were the miscellaneous gatherings at the corner house in Brooke Street, so well remembered by many still living, altogether discontinued; while, down to the time of the host's defeat at Ashton (1868), the Milner-Gibson's hospitalities sensibly helped to organize and even popularize the new Liberalism. They bore, however, a greater resemblance to the Gore House parties of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay than to the earlier and more orthodox gatherings at Holland or Lansdowne House; and they were chiefly remarkable for the social intercourse first regularly promoted by them, between representatives of letters, art and journalism, and the rank and file of the parliamentary army on both sides. But, at the outset of the twentieth century, political parties are practically a thing of the past. The dining-table and the drawing-room have ceased to be a principal agency for preventing the people's representative from straying into the wrong lobby. So far Greville's anticipation is justified by the event. To this extent society is replaced by gangs.

Hence the want, in Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff's last volumes, of political anecdote and those vivid sketches of political persons in which the earlier volumes abounded. Even about India the author writes less as an ex-governor of a province than as a scientific collector, who is also a seasoned man of the world, on the look-out for "specimens." The wise saws, the modern

instances, the aphorisms and the epigrams now recorded in the table-talk of the "Breakfast Club," are, for the most part of any interest rather than the parliamentary or political. Physical research in all its branches, the latest developments of literary ingenuity, the forcing-houses at Kew, the discoveries of the chemist's laboratory, the triumphs of the geologist's hammer—such are the matters which now inspire this experienced servant of the state with many of his happiest anecdotes or his most entertaining memories.

Another change, no less remarkable, is to be found in the growing cosmopolitanism of English and especially of London society. The fall of the French Empire on the field of Sedan a generation ago was followed by consequences to the whole framework, foundation and life of the fashionable world in England more momentous and enduring than any that can be justly ascribed to successive enlargements of the parliamentary franchise. For more than a hundred years, whether under kings or emperors, France had given the law of fashion to Europe; Paris had been the smart capital of two worlds, the old and the new. The souls of good Americans had been popularly said to fly to the city on the Seine. As an Anglo-Saxon humorist put it, the *Lutetia* of the ancients had become the *latitia* of the moderns. That dispensation came to an end when the Third Republic of Adolphe Thiers rose from the ruins of the Second Empire. The effect of this transformation upon the modish subjects of the Stars and Stripes was illustrated by the late Laurence Oliphant in his "Altiora Peto." Pall Mall, Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park became more than the boulevards and the Bois had ever been. Orontes did not more fully empty itself into Juvenal's Tiber than the Mississippi and other foreign wa-

ters now flowed into the Thames. The smart American colony became a social force of the first magnitude. The British capital, from being the most insular, grew to be the most cosmopolitan in the world. Society in the past had resembled a family party; it now began to look like a table d'hôte of the most expensive kind.

The change has been accompanied by, if it has not actually caused, a decrease in the number of country gentlemen, with seats at St Stephen's, who bring up their families for the season. The single item of flowers for dinner-table decoration amounts, in a summer season, to a sum that, in these days of electoral economy, would go some way towards defraying the cost of a contested election. A fashionable shooting-party in an English manor-house cannot be entertained, even for a week's end, except at an outlay which, to our grandparents, would have seemed excessive for a whole month. The biographer of Jack Mytton, Mr. C. J. Apperley, best known by his pen-name of Nimrod and his sketches of the turf, the road, and the chase, lamented the growing expensiveness of Melton Mowbray and the Shires, even in his day. Since then the cost of a Leicester season has increased by forty per cent. on every article of outlay.

If excessive expenditure is a blot on the society of the day, the growth of philanthropy may be regarded as some set-off. Never was so much interest taken in works of charity; never was so much money and time expended on benevolence. A more serious view, it may be hoped, is being taken of the responsibilities of wealth. If that result be chiefly due to the genius of the nation, credit must also be given to the influence of the Crown. The wife of William III was the first English queen who set to those about her a stimulating example of philanthropic interest in the welfare of the industri-

ous poor outside the palace gates. The wise and worthy tradition was perpetuated by George III and his consort, as well as by William IV and Queen Adelaide. In our times it has been illustrated, not only by the late sovereign, justly described as the greatest personal force for good that her kingdom possessed, but by all her kin, and by many coming within the sphere of their influence. Here it will be gratefully admitted that the spirit of the Prince Consort still posthumously animates the classes which we have been considering. If our time has witnessed an unwelcome development, in one sort or another, of social vulgarity, if real intellectual culture falls lamentably short of its fashionable affectations, the steadily increasing growth of serious interests is a novelty, not indeed of kind but of degree, that may reconcile the pessimist to much of an opposite kind. In this respect the late Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, as her lately published biography amply records, represented, and in her daily life encouraged, the best and the most characteristic tendencies of her time. Nearly half a century ago the encouragement and initiative of the Prince Consort resulted in Miss Nightingale's mission to the sick and wounded on Crimean battlefields. A gathering of trained nurses in the grounds of Marlborough House is to-day a periodical event. The spiritual power of

the Papacy, it was foretold, would be increased by the abolition of its temporal authority. In England the constitutional reduction of the royal prerogative within existing limits has been compensated by a great expansion, commensurate with the expansion of "society," of its social influence and its capacity for leading in every good and useful social work. We may confidently express the respectful hope that the new reign will witness the continuance and the extension of these admirable traditions.

In the forties of the last century, Lord Malmesbury, visiting the duke of Northumberland's castle, was impressed by the graceful and stately precision with which the ladies seated themselves on a row of chairs. The next time he was at Alnwick this drawing-room manoeuvre was omitted. To Lord Malmesbury the omission appeared to be, of course, the result of the Reform Bill and a prognostic of republicanism. As a fact, in regard to manners, aspirations, tastes, habits and prejudices of all kinds, there has always been, what is still going on, a levelling-up movement, which permeates the new wealth with the ideas and sympathies of the old acres, and which may justify any potential Greville, Malmesbury, or Raikes in dismissing those social misgivings that have alarmed the croakers of both sexes and of every age.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

It is singular that, notwithstanding what has this month been written in the public Press about the dead Dowager-Empress Frederick, so vague and shadowy an idea of her should be the result. The portraits of her Majesty, lately appearing in the illustrated papers, are no whit less deceptive. Her photographs at present displayed in the shop windows of most of the German towns cannot be taken as true guides, especially of late years, when she had become sadly wan and gray, and when her face showed the unmistakable signs of increasing illness. There never was a royal personage who "took" worse; only those who actually saw her can form the faintest picture in their minds of the timid-looking, shrinking little woman who formed the modern link between the houses of Guelph and Hohenzollern, and suffered so much in consequence.

The unvarnished truth is that she remained to the end an unknown quantity both in the country of her birth and that of her adoption. She left England when she was eighteen. Her public appearances as Princess Royal, save in the train of her parents, positively resolve themselves into the single occasion of her wedding morning. She was at the opera a few nights after the announcement of her betrothal, and when the audience rose and cheered for her out of sympathy, she was too shy to come forward and bow her acknowledgments. The Queen had to pull her to the front of the box, if one may be permitted the word used gleefully by her late Majesty herself in describing the incident. The public understood that she had been for many years a sickly child, whose rearing had long seemed a matter of doubt. How deep were the ties of love that united her

with her parents; how great a void in their family life her departure occasioned could not by any possibility be appreciated until many years after the Princess Royal had left England. "At times I could be quite cheerful," Queen Victoria wrote in her diary the evening of the day when the young couple sailed from Gravesend for Germany, "but my tears began to flow afresh frequently, and I could not go near Vicky's corridor." "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear papa," the Princess Royal had said on the morning of her marriage. The love binding father and daughter was indeed extraordinary. An old singing clerk attached to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, whose recollections go back to the early fifties, told the present writer how the two were always seen out of doors together, talking merrily in their daily walks. The old fellow has one story in particular. He was running one day through the town archway of the Horse-Shoe Cloister without keeping his eyes wide enough open, when he came full tilt into the Prince Consort's arms. He recalls to this day the gay laughter of the two eldest daughters, the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice. But all these were the intimacies of home life that had not filtered through to the outside world. No one fully realized them then, or what a formative influence a clever man could exert over the character of a daughter whom he loved so much. Other considerations limited the Princess Royal's chances of becoming something less of a mystery to her mother's subjects. It is part and parcel of the slovenly manner in which we imbibe our history, to suppose that the Queen Victoria, whom this young girl left in 1858, was the Queen Victo-

ria whom later generations of English people loved and revered. The Queen did not change; but the popular estimation of her changed very much. When the Princess Royal left England, her mother was only just emerging into something like an affectionate understanding with the people. For the Prince Consort, so long as he lived, the British nation never indulged in any feeling beyond a cold respect. One of his earliest letters to the Princess Royal, after she had become Princess Frederick William of Prussia, contains a piteous passage. It lays bare the tragedy of both their lives. Both were the victims of popular prejudice; the father as a German in England, the daughter as an Englishwoman in Germany.

"Prejudice," he writes, "walking to and fro in flesh and blood is my horror, and, alas, a phenomenon so common; and people plume themselves so much upon their prejudices, as signs of decision of character and greatness of mind, nay, of true patriotism; and all the while they are simply the product of narrowness of intellect and narrowness of heart."

How many times in after years the Empress Frederick quoted these words as a prophecy reaching her almost from the grave is shown in a curious little unpublished record of a conversation which there can be no harm in printing now that the old weariness is ended.

In Germany they never understood her, never knew her; and she remained timid and cautious-looking to the end. Almost her last public appearance south-west of the Elbe was at the unveiling of her dead husband's statue upon the battlefield of Wörth in the autumn of 1895. She arrived at Strasburg the day before the ceremony. The precautions taken to guard royal personages in Germany appear much less elaborate than over here. It may be that the crowd of people who

flocked round the very beautiful Strasburg station that September afternoon were most of them members of the secret police. That fact, as the present writer will vouch for, made it no more easy for the Dowager Empress to reach her carriage. The crowd was not unmannerly; it was merely there, and consequently obstructive. At last her gentlemen had to carve a lane; and the coachman had to start the horses very slowly so that horses and carriage and the shrinking, unhappy Empress might get through the crowd of onlookers without damage. If her appearance then can be taken as any criterion, the publicity must have been painful to her. It was the same next day, at the grand unveiling ceremony, when she had the support of her son, and her daughter-in-law, the reigning Empress, very serene and smiling beside her. The departure of these two royal ladies, after the ceremony was over, occasioned a gracious little incident, which at least one onlooker will always remember. According to etiquette, the Empress Victoria Augusta entered the carriage first; but she remained standing until her mother-in-law had also entered and was seated; and even then she did not sit down herself until she had arranged a shawl around the Dowager Empress's shoulders. Then for a little time the curious, noticeable shrinking disappeared, only to return when any attention was directed towards her, as, for instance, when, in the course of a speech, the Emperor spoke in clangorous accents of "*Meine Hohe Frau Mutter*." True, her last fatal illness was upon her, accounting for the appearance of pain that enveloped her in her drives abroad round Cronberg and Homburg during the summers of 1897 and 1898. But that habitual suggestion of timidity, of keeping her words and emotions locked up from the outside world, came to her very early in her married life. It

represented the lesson learnt after very many verbal indiscretions among new and somewhat sensitive relations who did not easily forget. England was big and mighty when the young bride left it, and Prussia—well, Prussia was not yet the German Empire, nor the greater part of the German Empire as we know it to-day. The young husband was only heir-presumptive; the more than middle-aged father-in-law as yet showed no signs of ever becoming the great and famous Emperor William, but was no further than heir-apparent to his brother the king. Ten years before Chartist risings had driven him out of his brother's capital; between him and the Crown Imperial still stood Schleswig and Sadowa and Sedan. As a child at Windsor or Balmoral the Princess had not been humble. Nor was she humble abroad, to begin with. She possessed to a curious extent the falling of English people who will not believe that any good thing can ever originate from outside these islands. So she delivered herself, not once nor twice only, into the hands of the enemy. When Bismarck repeated with malicious glee her most unfortunate remark about there being richer silver plate in many English middle-class houses than in most of the Prussian palaces, he did so with a purpose. He was too great a man to indulge in aimless spite. As a young woman, moreover, the Princess lacked that ability to tolerate disagreeables that constitutes at once the high-breeding and genuine *bonhomie* of royal personages. There are Germans to this day who gravely date the late Empress's unpopularity from the unlucky afternoon when, at a review on the Tempelhofer field, she sent her footman to order a man to cease blowing clouds from the most lugubrious of Hamburg cigars. Queen Victoria would never have done such a thing; though it must not be supposed that

there is any hint here that the Princess was suffered to grow up arrogant and wanting in simplicity. There never was a simpler character born into this world than that possessed by Queen Victoria, or one beside which a nature inclined to pride could live with less degree of comfort. A keen observer has left us a picture of the home life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at the Neue Palais at Potsdam, thirteen years after their marriage. Nothing could have been more charmingly simple.

At the door stood the Crown Prince. A cordial welcome, and immediately he showed us into a suite of splendid rooms on the ground floor. "In this room I was born, and here many of your countrymen have slept before." The paper on the walls is of peacocks—painted. "It is exactly the same as that in the Prefecture of Versailles, so that by the peacock's tails there I was constantly reminded of my own home." Presently an excellent dinner. Before we had finished the Prince came again with the Princess, and after some talk left us to peaceful repose.

The next morning we breakfasted with them at 9 A. M., with all the children, including the baby, which was carried about while the others ate. They are delightful children, excellently well mannered, and talking with real intelligence—Prince William, Princess Charlotte, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, Prince Waldemar, and the baby (Sophie). Afterwards we walked in the gardens, which have all been created by the Crown Princess. Before, there was only rough ground round the Palace. Their dinner or luncheon was at 2 P. M., again with the children. The dinner or supper, with the household and several guests, at 7.30 P. M. or 8 P. M.

The Crown Prince is generally up before breakfast, at his farm. After breakfast there is a walk; after luncheon and dinner a talk. They all go to bed at 10 P. M. There are also the drives, morning and evening. One

morning, in this walk, the whole account of the triumphal entry into Paris was given by the children. Little Prince William rode in with his uncle, the Grand Duke of Baden. "The Emperor stood for two hours in the sun without his hat. And he is seventy-three; what do you think of that?" "The flowers came sailing down from the third and fourth stories of the houses, so that at last you could not see anything of the soldiers but their bayonets."

The first break in this happy family circle had come five years earlier, a loss made, if possible, sadder by the fact that the Princess's heart was torn at the same time by the anxieties of the conflict with Austria. In June 1866, only a few days after the Crown Prince had left for the seat of war, occurred the death of their second son, Sigismund, a child of two. The Crown Princess followed this dear body to the grave, she alone with the coffin in the carriage. The death of the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, in 1879, when he had just completed his eleventh year, came as an even more crushing blow to his father and mother. Neither ever ceased to mourn him while life was left; and right up to the very end the Empress-Dowager could not speak the child's name without tears in her eyes. The parents and children repose to-day in the Mausoleum erected by the Empress to the memory of her husband, in the park of Sans Souci. Marble busts preserve the features of both children; that of Prince Waldemar bears a strong resemblance to his brother Prince Henry. All accounts agree as to his high intelligence, and the sweetness and charm of his disposition. The grief which follows such bereavement betrays the home. With Prince and Princess home-life was best. Whether at the Neue Palais or in Berlin or at Wiesbaden town schloss, where they spent

several winters, or in that most beautiful old-world castle at the edge of the Taunus Hills at Homburg; they made their life together and gathered their circle round them. Homburg Castle suggested Friedrichshof later on, where the Empress died, as seemed befitting, in the home which she had erected "In Frederici Memoriam," and meant to love. Its position is very beautiful but just a little sombre, on the hillside to the left of Cronberg, with the plain and the smoke-haze of Frankfurt at its feet. "I have done my best to make it worthy of its surroundings," the Empress said on one occasion not more than five years ago, "but of course there are hundreds of houses in dear old England, many hundreds, with which this place cannot hope to compete." Comparisons are odious, yet sometimes they are inevitable. Contrasted with the interior *ménage* of the old Emperor William, the life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess showed an ideal of domesticity. William I and the Empress Augusta occupied the same palace, "Unter Den Linden;" the house with the famous window and the hideous furniture. They, however, kept to separate floors. His Majesty had the greatest respect for her Majesty; but he did not often go upstairs. The artistic taste which dominated over the house was execrable; the tourist who chooses to scamper through its ghost-haunted rooms can see that for himself. Nor can it savor of disloyalty to suggest that royal inclinations in the matter of art, in this country also, went along the road chosen by the many. Queen Victoria was at one with nine out of every ten of her subjects, where pictures were concerned. No books ever interested her much; books of a deeper character not at all. The Empress Frederick went with the few, with the "elect," if one may be forgiven the use of a hateful word.

Herself an artist of no mean order; a student whose receptiveness and intellectual adaptability outstripped the average even of the "elect;" she would have presented a remarkable figure whatever the circumstances into which she had been born. There can be nothing cynical in the assertion that the gifted woman who occupies a throne becomes twice gifted. Moreover, the Empress succeeded to the mantle of Elijah—her father's posthumous reputation which quickened soonest in Germany. Except Princess Alice, she alone of his children could appreciate and profit by his sagacity; and, prince or no prince, he was among the shrewdest statesmen of his time. Although his astuteness was too often verified after his death not to be generally admitted, the altruism of his nature should have won for him wider recognition among those masses which can but notice such public lives as most obviously touch their own beneficently. Thus there awaited this royal lady in her new home the estimation due to the Princess Royal of a mighty kingdom and to the daughter of a statesman whose sound judgment had foreseen the need and the benefit of an united Germany. This fact cannot be brought out too strongly, since it explains the mutual jealousy that speedily ensued, the mutual disappointment. Thoughtful Prussians, as is well established by published contemporary letters, hoped great things from the English marriage. Yet in not one of their three wars did they enjoy even the moral support of England, ministerial or popular. The English Princess who had come to live among them showed plentiful political sagacity; but her liberal bias was too pronounced for a country situated like Prussia. The German Empire will benefit one day by the advent of a ruler similar to Frederick the Noble; but the time is not yet. To put the

matter brutally, as it was put to the present writer by a Coburg under-minister, on the same battlefield of Wörth, "it would have been an immense 'unluck' for Germany had the Emperor Frederick lived." It was an immense "unluck" for the Empress Frederick that her father died. He would have corrected her attitude towards the epoch of Prussian conquest, which synchronized with her married life. She never understood its inevitableness any more than she could appreciate the absolute necessity to Germany of a figure like Bismarck. "I have cost her many tears," he said once, "and she could not conceal how angry she was with me after the annexations"—of Schleswig and Hanover. "She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady-in-waiting who sat near, and whose name I forget, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.'"

"But that is all over now," is the comforting little sentence wherewith the Princess is reported to have concluded this *cri de cœur*. But antagonism so deep-rooted, so profound, could never end while life lasted. The final scene had almost opened upon her husband's tragic life when the last great quarrel came. It arose over the betrothal of the Crown Prince's eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria, to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, then ruler of Bulgaria. That Bismarck took the right view no one can doubt. His objections to the marriage are summed up in a single sentence of unanswerable force. "It would show us in a bad light at St. Petersburg, and it was not right to subject a Prussian Princess to the eventuality of a compulsory departure from Sofia." But *more* *and* he got his way with some

brutality. The young lady ultimately married the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and was spared that compulsory departure from Sofia that actually happened. Bismarck's action, however, re-opened all the old soreness between himself and the Crown Princess, who may not have had so great a part in bringing about the betrothal as many suppose, but who was prepared to see it carried through. In spite of this life-long fundamental hostility, the strong natures possessed by both Empress and Minister enabled them to respect one another through all their differences. "The Crown Princess is unaffected and sincere," was the outcome of the Chancellor's maturer considerations; "it is only family sympathies that make her troublesome, formerly more than at present." And again: "She is honorable, and has no great pretensions." He respected her as he had never respected the old Empress Augusta, whom he did not hesitate to call untruthful. It must be confessed—to take one more incident of the same nature—that he and Moltke had serious cause of complaint against both Royal ladies when they set their wits to postpone altogether the bombardment of Paris. Had the French capital held out much longer in 1871, the Germans might well have lost one-half of the fruits of their victory. Mercy and sentiment, however creditable to those who are impelled by such qualities, make for bloodshed in war. "War

is always brutal," and when the Princess, in the course of a conversation with Putbus, struck the table and exclaimed: "For all that, Paris shall not be bombarded!" she went far to justify Bismarck's life-long growl against petticoat influences.

Unhappily, such an appreciation as this would not be complete without some references to the estrangement existing at one time between the dead Empress and her eldest son, the present Emperor. As in the case with Bismarck, here, too, the conflict was between masterful minds; between a fierce national prejudice, that was almost Chauvinism, and foreign sympathies; between authority and too pronouncedly liberal leanings. The son was taught to distrust the Empress's influence over his father; his own convictions seemed to him sufficient reason to conclude that this influence, if it prevailed, would be harmful for the nation. The episode of the Emperor Frederick's illness is subsidiary; no less than that charge of red hussars upon the Neue Palais as soon as the breath was out of the unhappy body. These are undercurrents to be mercifully forgotten, as we forget the tragedies of private lives, of happy uncrowned lives. There came forgiveness and reconciliation. And now there is the peaceful grave amidst the lakes and trees of Potsdam. And the world is all the poorer for the passing of a sincere and high-minded life.

Charles Benham.

MADEMOISELLE'S ROMANCE.

(Concluded.)

VII

There are some days in the lives of most of us railed off from all other days—so dark, so strange, we dare never live them over again, even in memory. There are times when we sound the very depth of woe, and go on living we cannot tell why or how. And there are periods, when God mercifully makes those terrible days to be borne, only by an exhaustion of body and mind that deadens and dulls all sharper feeling.

It was well for the desolate French girl she had such a friend as Miss Williamson, one of those women of the warm strong hearts, who are surely our priestesses, consecrated by suffering to help others. It was she who made all the necessary arrangements, who came every evening to sleep in the lodging of the girl till the sad funeral day was over, and finally took her away with her to school again.

Dr. Macgregor had called several times to ask for Mademoiselle, evincing in his grave, formal way such an interest in his patient, as caused even Miss Williamson to pause for a moment in her busy life and wonder, and smile a little to herself. He was a young man, not very tall, with a dark clever face and rather ceremonious manners. The touch of Scots accent in his grave voice had moved Mademoiselle at first with a strange vague pang of pained remembrance. But, excepting for that tone which touched her like some ghost out of the past, she took little heed of the young doctor. She was indifferent to everything. Her heart was laid in the grave with Madame.

But Miss Williamson, who, although a priestess, was none the less a very human woman, liable to strong likes

and dislikes, had taken a fancy to this Dr. Macgregor. His formality and slight affectation of manner did not disguise from her the truth and uprightness of a sincere nature, nor could his assumption of age and experience quite conceal the fact that he was young and simple-minded. She desired him to call again and see his patient. She still felt anxious about Mademoiselle, who, indeed, looked the piteous shadow of her old self; and, when the patient was so far recovered as to be able to go about in her black frock and take up her old duties, she cordially invited him to come back and visit them.

The face of poor little Mademoiselle had grown pinched and sallow; her eyes were dim with weeping. The gaiety and brightness that had made her charm were gone, yet Dr. Macgregor, from the first moment he saw the French girl, loved her.

Mademoiselle was too simply intent, just then, on the hard effort of living to know anything of this—fighting most desperately for courage—poor, valiant, aching heart; striving, as Miss Williamson bade her, not to look forward to the long stretch of desolate days that lay before her, but to take one only at a time, and to fill it full of good work for the dear Christ's sake. And when the young doctor, one evening in the dusk of the drawing-room, with an unaffected tremor of voice, in simple straightforward words told her he loved her, and asked her to be his wife, she was too startled to reply. But when she realized his meaning, her face grew hot, and she shrank from him as if he had struck her. "Ah! no, no, no, Monsieur," she cried in a voice of pain. "Never, never," and ran out of the room.

It was Miss Williamson, who, as

much on the girl's account as for the disconsolate lover's, sought her out, and attempted to reason with her. "It is not a thing to throw lightly away," she kind. He is upright and true. He will kind. He is upright and true. He will make an excellent husband."

Mademoiselle, standing up by her bedroom window, a thin, slight little figure in her black gown, nodded her head silently.

"It is hard for a woman to live alone, even the strongest of us, to fight single-handed the wolf at the door, to fear old age because it may mean lack of strength for work, and—poverty. And you, my child," went on Miss Williamson steadily, "are made for a home life, for love, for care. Think of it well, Marguerite, before you cast this love away."

Mademoiselle crushed her two hands tightly together, but still she answered nothing. She was staring out of the window with eyes that did not see the heavy leaden sky overhead.

"He loves you very devotedly. Such affection, they say, is rare in this age, and if you care for no one else—" the older woman paused. Mademoiselle's face had grown very white. A sort of resentment flashed in her dark eyes. "I do not love Monsieur," she said, turning round abruptly. "I will not marry him."

"But child!" Miss Williamson remonstrated gently. "Perhaps not now. But you might grow to care for him. I think you could not help it, for he is good and most true. You are generous and quick to love. He would yet win your heart."

The girl remained silent, still twisting her hands. A spot of red came and burned on each cheek. "Listen, Mademoiselle," she broke out, with a harshness in her sweet voice. "You say Monsieur will win my heart, but I tell you no, Mademoiselle. It is not possible. Oh! he is good and kind, this

Monsieur Macgregor. I doubt it not. It is generous of him to ask me, a poor girl, to marry him. I thank him a thousand times. But Mademoiselle, I cannot, I cannot marry myself!" Her voice rose in agitation, then fell again sobbingly. "For my heart was once given away, and now it remains no longer with me to give."

Miss Williamson rose up and kissed her on the forehead. "My dear, if that be so, I ask your pardon for speaking," she said gently, "and there is, of course, nothing more to be said."

So Dr. John Macgregor went back to his lonely house in the dull street and he strove to live down his disappointment by hard work, which is the tonic strong hearts take when they are hurt. He wrote many thoughtful things for the "Lancet," and his practice grew and his fame grew with it, and, one morning he woke up to find he was engaged to marry the very prettiest, dearest girl in the world. But that happened many years afterwards, when he was a celebrated doctor, and almost a middle-aged man; it does not belong to this story.

The first long, sad year passed slowly for Mademoiselle, but by-and-by time began to go more quickly. Time touched her in his flight with a kindly hand. He brought back the smile to her lips, and the light to her eyes; and the smile was sweeter, and the light, if it were not so bright, was steady and more serene because she had looked on sorrow and found its blessing.

Miss Williamson's school frankly owned that it could not get on without "little Mademoiselle." She often appeared to be the happiest little soul in the world, the gayest, the merriest, holding some secret of perpetual youth that never let her grow old.

Of Colin Blacklock she heard distantly from time to time. He had sworn himself to Art's service, and

Art, who accepts all sacrifice—who, indeed, lives and thrives and grows beautiful upon such service—was rewarding him in her own way. In the solitude of his soul he communed with her, and she taught him her message. He painted almost as he had dreamed to paint. He was growing a celebrated man now. The world was opening wide its doors and bidding him to its dinner-tables; but he accepted few invitations. The artist lived a very quiet life with his step-sister, who, it was said, went nowhere, and whom no one seemed to know. They had long since removed from their first habitation, and now lived in a more commodious house, set within a garden, and further in the country.

Strange as it may appear, Mademoiselle had only once seen Colin Blacklock again. It was at the Academy—an opening day, and a great crush. She saw his head, leonine-like with its brown hair, towering above his fellows. The brown hair was growing gray about the temples; he appeared older, more dignified, more stately-looking. But still he was Colin Blacklock, and her heart recognized him at a glance. A little mob of men and women were pressing round him, with a hum of words, a rippling of laughter. Above the gay crowd their eyes met. Was there a world of tragedy in that look? Was a question asked and answered? Neither smiled or bowed. They both turned away silently, and went back to their work.

VIII.

Twenty years seems a long time to speak about, but twenty years when they are full, and, when one is very busily living them, have a nimble trick of passing. It was twenty years since Colin Blacklock had walked home with Mademoiselle that July night; and yet, one autumn morning, when Mademoi-

selle received a letter, the twenty years vanished away, and the July night lived in her memory as freshly as yesterday. At first sight the letter might seem to have little to do with twenty years ago. It was from a complete stranger, written by someone who signed herself "Nurse Mary Wilson." She wrote, she said, at the urgent desire of her patient, Miss Blacklock, who was most anxious to see Mademoiselle de Blanchaud. Miss Blacklock was very ill. If Mademoiselle de Blanchaud would have the kindness to call that afternoon it would be esteemed a great favor. Mademoiselle sat with the open letter in her hand, a bewildered look on her face. She felt curiously moved and shaken. That this Miss Blacklock was Colin Blacklock's sister, she did not doubt, and, vividly, there rose up before her remembrance the day on which they had once met. She had never seen her since, she did not think she had ever wished to meet her again. She had felt with quick intuition that the older woman had hated her, and now, after these long years of silence, what could she wish with her? She lifted the note and re-read it. Miss Blacklock must now be an old woman and ill; evidently very ill—perhaps dying. Must she go to see her?

Mademoiselle pushed back the dark loosely-waving hair from her forehead. On her cheeks—still soft as a girl's—the color came and went. How she shrank from it! To enter Colin Blacklock's house—perhaps to see him! It was a terrible thought! It was asking too much of her. No, she could not go. The school-bell rang. Mademoiselle had little time in her busy life to think about herself. She thrust the letter into her pocket, and hurried off to her class. All the morning, through stumbling French verbs and French dictation she was distracted by one puzzling thought. Could she go? Should she

not? Was she a coward? Was it wrong to deny this other woman's request? At length she went to Miss Williamson and asked if she could spare her that afternoon to pay a visit.

"Of course, my dear," answered the old lady, readily. "But whom are you going to see?" She put the question as naturally as a mother might to a child, for it was as such she loved her French governess.

Mademoiselle hesitated and looked distressed. "Dear friend, I will tell you when I return," she said, and lifted the hand she held to her lips, and kissed it.

Miss Williamson was surprised, but she only said in her cordial way, "very well, my child. Go, by all means. But bid Anne fetch a cab, for it is raining."

Mademoiselle thought she had driven many miles before the cab finally drew up before an old-fashioned house, set in a large walled garden. A respectable looking servant opened the door, and ushered her into a small parlor—a sad, fireless room, with a book-case and six stiff chairs. Mademoiselle shivered, as much from excitement as from cold, as she stood at the window and looked out. Inside the house everything was very still. The rain-drops fell on the laurel bushes in the garden with a mournful pattering sound. Presently the nurse joined her. "Mademoiselle de Blanchaud, I think?" she said, looking interrogatively at the small, dark-eyed woman, with the nameless foreign grace and charm of appearance. "You have called in answer to my letter, I presume."

Mademoiselle bowed silently. Her lips felt strangely parched.

"Miss Blacklock, my patient, has expressed a strong desire to see you. You knew her some time ago, I believe?"

Mademoiselle bent her head again. "But very slightly, Madame."

"Indeed! Ah, well! the sick often

have whims, and it is wisest to humor them when one can. But I need scarcely tell you, Mademoiselle de Blanchaud, my patient is seriously ill. It has been a case of influenza. The infection is past, but there remains a great weakness and a sad lack of recuperative power. You will not talk much, or tire her?" She turned towards the door. "Will you come with me now, please?"

Mademoiselle followed her silently. As in a dream, she found herself walking upstairs after the brisk strong figure; in the same dream she noticed the hands of the eight-day clock on the staircase pointing to five o'clock; then she saw herself being ushered into a bedroom. It was a large room, somewhat scantily furnished. A four-post bed, hung with moreen curtains, stood out from one side of the wall; a fire burned, not uncheerfully, in the grate. In the bed, with the curtains pushed back from it, an old, old woman was half-lying, half-sitting, propped up with pillows. A white frilled cap came close round her face and framed it. It was a very thin face, lined, and worn, and wrinkled; the mouth fallen in and shrunken, the skin drawn with painful tightness across the high cheek-bones. Her eyes were shut. She did not move when the door opened. The nurse went forward to the bed, and spoke close to her ear in clear, distinct tones. "This is the lady you asked for. She has come to see you." Then turning to Mademoiselle, she added, "My patient is rather deaf. You will require to speak rather loudly to make her understand. I shall leave you now for a little while."

Miss Blacklock had opened her eyes, and was staring fixedly at her visitor. The blue eyes, still sharp and bird-like, seemed strangely at variance with the rest of her sunken face. They were taking in Mademoiselle's graceful figure and becoming bonnet in the same

manner as they had once absorbed the young girl with the nodding poppies in her hat. She motioned her to come near the bed. "So you're her," she said in a hoarse whisper. "The French lass, Colin kent lang syne!"

"I do not quite comprehend," faltered Mademoiselle. "I had the acquaintance of—of Monsieur Blacklock many years ago."

"Ay," said the old woman bitterly, "weel I ken that. It was ower you him an' me near cast out, an' aye it's been you, just you, that's stood atween us ever since."

"I regret—I am sorry, madame," she murmured.

"Sorry!" she moved her head restlessly to and fro, "what's the use o' bein' sorry, woman? Did bein' sorry ever do any good? No' one bit. I've been sorry many a time—maist o' my life, but it never brought me a step nearer my satisfaction. Aye! I thocht I would be happy whan I had Colin, and when he was gettin' on." She paused, and drew a long, painful breath. "But I havena' been happy," went on the weak voice, wailingly, "I havena' been happy. No, though I keepit him aside me, an' he painted grand pictures. He couldna' have painted them finer if he had gotten you; an' maybe no' so fine. But still you were aye there, aye standin' atween him an' me. And why?" She cried out with sudden energy, bending forward and peering into Mademoiselle's face. "Ye're no' bonnie, woman. Whatna' spell cast ye ower him? Ye werena' even bonnie lang syne, wi' the red poppies in yer hair."

Mademoiselle looked back bravely at the old woman.

"If your 'bonnie' signifies pretty, it is then quite true, Madame," she said simply. "I was never beautiful, and now I am no longer young."

Miss Blacklock fell back on her pillow exhausted.

"It defies me to ken, then, what he saw in ye," she muttered. "Ye were just a French lassie. Ye couldna' have bakit, an cookit, and wrocht sair for him night an' day as I've done. But a' the same, woman, ye've won, an' I'm lying here noo, an auld, beaten wife—an auld dune bodie!" Her voice quavered off weakly into silence, and she lay back with closed eyes.

Mademoiselle had no words to speak. She was puzzled by the Scots dialect; she was bewildered and distressed—almost overwhelmed with the painfulness of the situation. Timidly she stretched forth her hand, and laid it on the frail old withered one lying on the counterpane.

At the touch, Miss Blacklock opened her eyes.

"Ye shouldna' stroke my hand," she said feebly. "Na, an' if ye kent a', ye wouldna', for oh! woman, I've hated ye in my heart this many a year!" But she did not draw her hand away. After a pause she spoke again wearily.

"I think I've maybe made an awfu' mistake in my life. God kens! Does He ken?" she asked abruptly, opening her eyes. "Does He care, think ye, for a bit auld trash like me?"

"Ah! the good God knows everything," answered the other woman with her simple faith, "and He cares for us all, assuredly, dear Madame. 'Like as a father pitieth his children,'" she added softly, "so the Lord cares for us."

"Ay," murmured Miss Blacklock, "like as a father. That's, maybe, why He's so willin' to pardon, if what folks say is true. I wish—I wish I could mak' a new beginnin', and dae better. I'm repentin' sore, woman, but I dinna ken how to show it. I thocht—I thocht—" she paused in a bewildered way—"I dinna ken what I was meaning; I'm so stupid grown, but I wanted to see ye, an' ask yer pardon. I would like

fine if you would say ye forgive me afore I dee."

"Oh! but why, dear Madame? you have not wronged me!"

"Ay, have I, though! I've wronged ye these many years. I've keepit ye livin' single when ye needna' have been. I've keepit Collin livin' his lane when he micht have had wife and bairns to mak' the joy o' his life. Woman, can ye forgive me? Say it loud out, I'm dull o' hearing."

Mademoiselle's face had grown white as the coverlet; her lips trembled. Nevertheless, she answered in a clear, steady voice—

"If you have done me any wrong I forgive you freely, Madame, as I hope the good God will pardon me my sins."

Miss Blacklock drew a deep sigh. Her lips moved, but no sound came. The thin fingers of her left hand plucked vaguely at the sheet. When she spoke again her voice sounded fainter.

"And ye havna' just been awfu' meeserable a' this time, have ye?"

"But no!" said Mademoiselle. "But no! I have not been always miserable. I have been very happy many times."

"Ay, an' I'm thinkin' Collin was maybe gay happy wi' his paintin', too; I didna rob him o' that. So, I'm the one that's suffered maist mysel', I lifted a stone to my ain hurt. God kens I've been a meeserable woman this long while. And noo, I'm deelin'," she went on feebly. "That's why I sent—for ye. What was I sayin'? Bid the nurse-body come. I get stupid whiles."

At that instant the door opened, and the nurse came quietly in.

"I will go," said Mademoiselle. "I have too long waited; I have tired Madame too much." She attempted to draw away her hand, but the one that held hers tightened its grasp.

"Bide, bide," she whispered.

"Stay a little longer, Madame, if you

are not pressed for time. My patient will probably revive in a little while."

Shortly afterwards, Miss Blacklock opened her eyes.

"Bid my brother come ben," she said to the nurse in her old peremptory way, "and you gang awa'."

"Ah! but no!" cried out Mademoiselle involuntarily, "not to-day; oh! keep tranquil. It will disturb you; *Cu vous ferait du mal.*" In her agitation she returned to her own language. "But another day, Madame, I entreat of you."

Miss Blacklock looked at her with vague displeasure in her glance.

"What is she sayin'? I canna' mak' her out. Bide where ye are, and you"—turning to the nurse—"do as I bid ye."

"To humor her, Madame," whispered the nurse, and left the room. Mademoiselle heard her footsteps dying along the corridor with a sort of sick despair at her heart. The two women waited together in silence. Miss Blacklock lay back on her pillow with closed eyes. Her breath came more slowly now, in long, painful gasps. A stray late gleam of sunlight had pierced the clouds, and shone in at the window. A robin sat upon the sill, turning his head inquisitively from side to side.

Presently there was the sound of a new step on the stair—and now it was coming along the passage—a step Mademoiselle had not heard for twenty years—a step the dull ears of the dying woman too recognized, for she moved, and opened her eyes. Collin Blacklock came in. Mademoiselle did not stir or lift her eyes. Her lips trembled; she heard her heart beat in her ears more loudly than the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. He went round to the other side of the bed.

"You were wishing for me, Christina," he said gently.

"Ay—I wished ye. But—what for—are ye no'—shakin' hands wi' yer old sweetheart?"

Like a hot flame the blood rose to Mademoiselle's face. She would have flown, would have hidden herself anywhere from sight if she could, but the frail hand, like a pitiless vice, held her fast. Then she recovered herself, and bowed to Colin Blacklock coldly, quietly, with entire dignity.

"I sent for her—to ask her pardon—an' that—ye might say to her what ye wanted—to say—lang—syne—when—I keepit ye back. Colin—Colin, lad, it's—her—ye like the best, still?" In the feeble, broken voice, was there, unknown to herself, a questioning hope—almost a prayer, that Colin might deny it? Her dim eyes searched his with wistful eagerness. It seemed as if she held back the rattle of death to listen.

There was silence—for a moment only, but it was an eternity to Mademoiselle. She thought she had died as she stood up there with white proud face, seeing nothing, but facing the autumn sunlight.

"Mademoiselle de Blanchaud must know," he said at length, in a voice deep with its intensity of feeling, "that I have never changed."

Temple Bar.

"Then—say—ye—like her." No need to hold back the poor rattling breath now; the quiver of hope had expired; the voice was like a tired-out child's. "It'll be a kind o' satisfaction to—me—afore—I dee. Colin—Colin—lad!"

"Mademoiselle!"

At the cry she raised her eyes to him at last, and the flame of pride and shame that had scorched her soul died down for ever.

"Mademoiselle, you know I love you."

She gave a sobbing exclamation, and stretched out her hands—both free now—across the bed. "Ah! Monsieur!" And across that bed, as over a chasm of twenty years, they clasped hands again. When they looked down on the pillow between them, an old face lay on it—dead.

Mademoiselle's romance was not ended that autumn afternoon. It is still going on. It will never be finished, only it wears another name now, for it is not "Mademoiselle's Romance" any longer.

A. H. Begbie.

IN THE DAYS OF THE "CHILLY DEATH."

The "Chilly Death" hath sent his breath

Across the sun-baked land;
The streams are dry, the Heavens on high

Strike with a brazen hand.
The earth smiles back—she is the rack
On which we quailing lie;
And deadly fear draws near, more near,

To mock us as we die.

—"The Song of the Stricken."

Those who know the Malay Peninsula are aware that, speaking in round

terms, the heat is much the same day in and day out, from year's end to year's end. During the rainy season—the autumn and winter of more changeable lands—there is a larger percentage of water in the stewpan, and we are steamed rather than fried; but the thermometer stands at approximately the same height during all the hot hours of the day, be the month what it will; and most Europeans will tell you that the climate of the Peninsula never varies at all. If, however, you ask the jungle for an opinion—as you can do

only if your acquaintance with it is very intimate—you will get a wholly different reply. The jungle holds its secrets carefully and well; for if you look upon its forests only with a casual eye, you will come to the conclusion that they too never change. If you wish to be suffered to see something of the jungle's inner being you must be content to watch closely and patiently, not during one month, but from month to month; not during a single year, but from year to year, until you have forgotten the number of the moons which have waxed and waned since first your study was begun. Then eventually you will perceive that in the Malay Peninsula, as in other lands, all the four seasons recur with perfect regularity, though they slip one into another so gradually, so gently, that the transition is hardly to be marked.

At first you will find it difficult to decide by what name to call any one of the year's phases. The familiar terms seem to fit them but ill, for the seasons of the tropics have many strange features. If you bear in mind what the Malay Peninsula is like, you will see how this can hardly fail to be as it is. In a land where all things grow with marvellous rapidity, almost as you watch them; where the forests are a gorgeous web, of which all manner of trees and shrubs and creepers form the interwoven warp and woof; where the slender spear-blades of the *lalang* grass rise, in their dazzling greenness to a height of seven feet, and the tasselled flowers of the elephant reeds wave on the graceful stalks, which are tall enough to hide from sight the mighty animal from which they take their name; where ploughed land, if left lying fallow for a single season, becomes clothed with brushwood and if still untouched for a couple of years is cloaked by that "wedded undergrowth" whose off-

spring choke your path, and wave their tangled, green-clad arms in triumph above your head—in such a land of growth and of production, Nature, giantess and magician though she be, cannot work all her mysteries in the months of a single springtime.

Thus it comes to pass that the spring is the spring, but autumn ceases to be a time of decay, and becomes spring's younger sister, aiding her lovingly in her work. Winter, too, joins hands with summer, and though her steaming, rain-blessed months have not the strength to work all the miracles wrought by the fierce sunlight of July, still the more scanty blossoms of September and October turn to luscious fruits in December and January.

In spring the reaches of the rivers which cleave their way through the broad forests are decked with flower-set banks. The lilac blossoms of the *bangor* trees splash the river's edge with streaks and patches of warm color; the brilliant yellow of the *chem-paka* lends its vividness to the forest's glories of green; the fruit-groves, in which the villages hide their heads, are picked out with little spots of light and color—the flowers upon which the sun is shining; and the million growths of jungle, each adds its mite to the blaze of beautiful hues. Then comes summer, a period of fruition, when the promise of the spring is fulfilled in a lavish bounty of full-juiced, mellow fruits, and men and beasts feast in plenty. Thereafter comes the autumn, renewing the work of spring, but modestly and tenderly, with some slight sadness in the knowledge of her own weakness. Winter follows on her heels, with rain falling heavily for the earth to drink its fill, while the little frogs croak rapturously because dryness has departed. She bears upon her breast the slender dues of fruit with which autumn has supplemented the work of spring, but her chief task is

to renovate the land that the spring-time may come again in all her glory.

All these things, and many others besides, you may see for yourself if you watch the jungle patiently; but it must not be supposed that the phases of the year are marked by hard, well-defined lines, as in Europe. The changes and transitions are subtle, and the coming season passes over the face of the land gently and tenderly, as the breath of a mother on the cheek of her sleeping child. But the time to learn how utterly dependent the jungle is upon the varying seasons is when something goes wrong with one of them, and the forests are racked with thirst—for the only real calamity that can fall upon the land is a scanty rainfall. Crops and the like may suffer in a flood, but the jungle takes little harm from standing knee-deep in stagnant water; and when the inundation has subsided the face of the forest is bright and glad, and the greens put on a more tender shade of color. The underwood may perish, but the great trees take to themselves a newer, fresher air of life; and the sodden slush of decaying dead things about their feet sends the sap humming through their mighty arteries with redoubled vigor.

But when the rain has fallen scantily and the fierce sun lashes down upon a world which knows not coolness, great and small, weak and strong, suffer together, and with an equal keenness of pain. The sun cannot turn the evergreen trees to brown, but, none the less, they look parched, and dry, and brittle, as though, like blackened tinder, they would fall to pieces at a touch. The rank *lalang* grass cannot lose its tint of vivid green, no matter how angrily the sun may beat upon it, but the heat-haze dances above it, weird and restless, and tells of the agony which the green growths share. The clusters of grass-spears refract and multiply the heat, until a man who

makes his way among them must gasp painfully for breath; and when at last he quits them he will be surprised to find the fierce sun glare of the tropics almost cool by comparison. The buffalo-grass—the short blades upon which the kine graze—are brown and withered, and the longer shoots break off as you tread upon them, for the parching heat has made them very fragile. Where ponds and pools were wont to mark the wallows of the buffaloes the earth is riven in a thousand ugly cracks, and the mud is now hard as rock, or crumbles crisply and drily as you pass over it. But pools and patches of short grass are not over numerous; and since the jungle still retains its color, since the shrunken river still runs, and the sun dances on its waters, the earth appears to smile back at the brazen sky overhead, as though it shared its glory and was free as it from pain.

It is at times such as this that the whisper runs through the villages that the "chilly death" is at hand.

But it is long before this rumor is shaped in speech; for the Malays are very loth to admit, even to themselves, that it is indeed the cholera that has come amongst them. They are an ease-loving people, and the facts, which if clearly seen may make life a terror, are not looked at more steadily than circumstances render obligatory. The "chilly death" steals upon his victims so gradually, so slowly, until he has won a firm foothold in the land, that if a man shuts his eyes resolutely, he may almost persuade himself that there is, in truth, no unusual sickness among his fellows. This every Malay contrives to do, and for months, perhaps, the natives refuse to comment upon the fact that friends and neighbors are dropping off one by one; nor is it until the epidemic is fairly raging that they confess at last that it is indeed the "chilly death" beneath whose

scourge the land is cowering in mortal fear.

The final consent to recognize the presence of the terror is wrung from the reluctant people something in this wise. A man dies in one of the villages, and his friends, as usual, account for his death by every explanation save only that one which, in his heart of hearts, each man among them knows to be the true cause. Malays, in common with other Mohammedans, attach much importance to the observance of the last rites which should usher the dead to their graves under the lush grass. Accordingly the priests and pilgrims and holy men crowd the little cottage, and all is ordered decently and seemly. The body is washed with minute care, wads of cotton fluff are placed in ears, mouth, nose and eyes, and white bands are passed about the face and head. The winding-sheet is sewn over the corpse, which is then stretched upon a bier, and carried down to the dug-out, lying rocking slowly on the waters beneath the steep bank. There is somewhat of a struggle to carry the bier down the steep steps which lead to the water's edge, and bare feet cling to and grip the crumbling soil, while all concerned shout noisy directions one to another, in strident tones which we should regard as irreverent in the presence of the dead. But with Malays it is different, and silence forms no part of the program at one of their funerals. The bier is placed on the bamboo decking of the dug-out, and men and women crowd on board to accompany the dead man upon his last journey. Some of those who loved him while he yet lived, hold sunshades over him to shield his head from the blazing sun. Others sit about him sadly, and the rest seize their paddles and propel the boat down stream. And thus they glide past the villages, until the line of breakers dancing in the sunshine

shows that they are approaching the mouth of the river. Here they halt at the point whence the path, which all men know, leads to the *Makam*—that vast native cemetery in which it is the desire of every Pahang Malay to find his last resting-place.

It covers many acres of ground, and the little *nisan*, or headstones, rise everywhere through the rank growths that cover the fruitful soil. A few trees stand here and there, trees with thick, fat leaves, soft and flabby to the touch, of the kind called "spoons" by the Malays, because their shape is not unlike that of a flat rice ladle. Occasionally the grave of a *râja*, a noble, or a man of wealth is marked by a headstone, upon which some pious words of Arabic invocation have been rudely carved; some others are squared roughly; but for the most part the graves have no other ornament than a round piece of water-worn granite protruding only a few inches above the surface of the ground, or a rudely carved wooden peg leaning crazily to one side. Two or three of the graves have tumble-down erections built over them by the piety of the surviving relatives of him who lies beneath. Their devotion, however, has not been equal to the task of keeping their work in repair, and the decaying uprights and crosspieces have the appearance of a pile of pelicans. Traces may be noted in other parts of the cemetery of spasmodic attempts to fence some of the graves in, but these have long been abandoned as Utopian. On one *râja's* grave may be seen a huge iron four-poster bedstead, which Oriental wisdom—doubtless after long and anxious discussion—has at length devoted to what its owner conceived was the end for which it was originally fashioned. Rude huts rise here and there among the graves, with the grasses and creepers clinging about their knees, and these are built by the desire of the

dead—who have left money behind them for the purpose—to accommodate the priests and holy men who come to chant verses of the *Kurân* during the quiet night-time, that the souls of the departed may rest in peace.

All the graves, from those of the kings who ruled the land to those of the peasants who tilled the soil, are nameless; and thus, when a man has lain beneath the sod for a year or two, even those of his kindred who held him most dear are unable to say with certainty where their brother lies buried.

It is hither that the corpse-bearers carry their burden; and when the simple burial-service has been performed, and the body has been lowered into the grave with much unnecessary noise, the dug-out returns up river with the funeral party, there to recite the prayers for the dead far into the night.

Next day it is known in the villages that seven of those who aided in washing the corpse and laying it in the grave have fallen victims to the disease of which the dead man had been the prey. The "chilly death" has come, and disguise is no longer possible.

Then all the fear and panic which have been so long suppressed, while men strove to reassure themselves and continued to hope against hope that their worst apprehensions were groundless, break out in an hour and drive the people mad. To escape, to fly, that is their one desire, their one idea. "Let us go away," they cry, "away from the 'chilly death,' lest we also perish at his hand!" They do not know where they would seek refuge; they do not care if they carry the scourge along with them; for all they know they may be rushing into the very arms of him from whom they are striving to escape. But of all this they reckon nothing. They are past reason, past thought, past all consideration for others, almost past hope for themselves, for panic is the

maddest and most selfish passion to which the heart of man can well fall a victim.

When the Malay State of Pahang was still independent, in the days of the coming of the "chilly death" men were indeed like "little chicks lacking the mother hen;" for both high and low sought only to save themselves. The chiefs and nobles fled to isolated spots, and punished cruelly any one who broke in upon their solitude. The people ran unchecked from village to village, bringing with them the disease which, at each fresh outbreak, drove them once more into terrified flight. The dead remained unburied, the dying untended, the stricken fell by the way, and no man stayed to moisten their lips with water. From end to end of the land the keening of the death-song sounded by day and by night. The beasts of the forest preyed upon the corpses with which the paths and villages were strewn, until tigers and wild swine, jungle-fowls, and mangy pariah dogs, grown fat and sleek with a horrible rapidity, shared in the common doom. And over all this land, so distracted with fear, so racked with pain, and maddened with despair, the brilliant Malayan sky smiled down un pityingly through the aching sunshine, mocking the misery of the earth.

But white men are queer folk—infidels who know not hell, and therefore have no fear of death; so the priests tell the people, through teeth which chatter with dread of the pestilence—and in the days of the "chilly death," if the land be under British protection, these strangers fight eagerly for the lives of both rich and poor, while hourly risking their own. It is a terribly busy time; and the white men's minds are perhaps too fully occupied with all that they have to do, for a thorough appreciation of their peril to force itself upon their notice. Later, when the emergency is past, and they sit

mopping their streaming brows, and meditating upon the "reasons in writing" which official wisdom will certainly require them to furnish in explanation of all they did and left undone during that time of stress, they will perhaps have leisure to think upon the risks which they have run, and to shudder at the recollection. But, even then, they will say little about these things, and when they do speak of them, their manner of doing so will lead you to suppose that they are more than half ashamed of the devotion which they have displayed. For this is the Englishman's little way.

But while the "chilly death" is at hand, every white man in the stricken districts leaves his proper occupations, and lends a hand to fight the common enemy. Each one of them becomes for the time a rough-and-ready doctor, and the abundance of their practice renders them not unskilful. By day and by night they aid one another to head the panic-stricken people back to the villages from which they seek to escape. Their one aim is to help those who are stricken, and to prevent the spread of the infection to those who are still whole. Hourly they tend the dying among the dead, till their eyes grow almost callous of the horrors which all the swift stages of the disease present. The corpses are no longer suffered to lie about unburied, and the days of the "chilly death" are thus robbed of half their terrors by the untiring efforts of the white men. Such confidence as steady nerve in the face of danger, a power to give calm advice to men who need it, and active, ready, generous aid to all who care to claim it, can give to the frightened people, is felt to be inspired by the presence and actions of these strangers. The peasants are no longer without leaders to direct them; and since they have never learned to stand alone, they run to the white men, as a child runs to its

mother's knee, with a blind and absolute faith in their ability to shield them even from the grip of the "chilly death." They inspire wonder also; and the folk who mark them passing to and fro, risking their own lives that those of others may be saved, and penetrating unflinchingly into the places where the "chilly death" has gained his surest foothold, realize dimly that these men of an alien race are actuated by some motive of which they have no experience. For duty—the mainspring of the English character—is an idea which no Malay can be made to understand readily.

In a little space, some of the better men among the native chiefs join hands with the white men to aid in routing the enemy. They have hereditary influence with the people, but unfortunately they usually bring more energy than intelligence to the work. They are implored to make all who form their following boil their drinking water before using it; and the next man who falls ill has water which still is dancing in the kettle, poured relentlessly down his gullet. It is his last draught on earth, and his relatives will thereafter have a prejudice against boiling their water that will not easily be overcome.

Another chief sees hot bricks applied to the stomach of a patient, and infers that in this lies a simple antidote to the poison. He straightway gives up the practice of boiling his drinking water, and when asked the reason, replies that he has already taken all necessary precautions.

"Daily, *Tân*," he says to the despairing white man, who finds it very hard to war against the "chilly death" and rank stupidity, "daily, *Tân*, I cause a heated brick to be dropped into my well, and that, thou hast taught us, is a sure remedy, having much virtue to rout the demon of the 'chilly death!'"

The high priest wins great fame as a

medicine man, and, if we are to believe him, saves the lives of many of the stricken folk. He has seen the piles upon which the houses are built painted and daubed with tar and sulphur, and he recognizes that here is a powerful medicine, the full use of which the white men do not understand. What is a disinfectant is obviously also a remedy, he argues, so when next the cholera seizes one of his friends, the patient is smeared with tar and sulphur from head to foot! Wonderful to relate, he does not die, and many others undergo the same treatment before the white men learn of it and succeed in directing the high priest's energies upon more useful lines.

The white men have established make-shift hospitals in many places, and thither they carry all those on whom they can lay their hands as soon as the disease has stricken them. But the Malay does not love to quit his house when the sickness falls upon him, and in many instances cases of cholera are concealed with the craft and secretiveness only possible among an Oriental population. But in these days the people are divided against themselves; and men who fear infection report outbreaks of the disease which occur in their neighbors' houses, in order that the sick being removed, they may themselves run a better chance of escaping the pestilence. So many cases are brought to light, and the cholera hospitals are full to overflowing.

The interior of one of these buildings is a ghastly sight, and cannot here be described in detail. The stricken wretches are stretched upon their plank bedsteads, gaunt men, all skin and bone, who have survived the stage of collapse, and are now on the way to recovery; others, newly admitted, in the first throes of the fearful malady, writhing with agony and displaying all

the loathsome symptoms of the earlier hours of the disease; others, again, gaunt and rigid, with ghastly cavities in their abdomens, with prominent, projecting temples, hollow cheeks, and taut skin, and with fingers puckered like those of a washer-woman. The eyes of these latter are dull and lifeless; they have ceased to fight for life, or even to wish for its prolongation. The collapse has set in, and they are fast sinking under it.

In the women's ward, where also are the little children, the sight is one to rend the heart-strings; and since there are no Florence Nightingales among the women of Pahang, these poor people are tended by men, who, with all their care and devotion, cannot supply the want of feminine tenderness and compassion. The air of all the wards is heavy with disinfectants, through which the fetid reek, which is the breath of the "chilly death," has still the strength to make its presence known.

Outside, in the glad, bright sunshine, the work of cleaning up a land in which men have littered the earth with heaps of discarded trash for years, is going ahead steadily. Armies of coolies are impressed, and native compounds, where the houses stand knee-deep in rubbish, are swept and cleared out, until their despairing owners are forced to live in a misery of cleanliness and discomfort. The King has long ago betaken himself to a secluded spot, where, clothed in a green jacket, covered with scrolls from the *Kurân*, and loaded with charms and amulets, he cowers in shuddering fear of the "chilly death," and pleads agony of mind as an excuse for declining to transact any business or to see any visitors. Every now and again he sends a piteous message to the Resident, begging that certain ladies, whose names he gives, and whom he solemnly declares to be witches, may be driven from the land,

since to their presence he attributes that of the "chilly death."

The *kôta*, the royal enclosure in which the palaces stand, is given over to a mob of Tamil coolies, who clean the place up, until it is hardly to be recognized even by those who know it best. The King's youths resent the change, and are at great pains to undo the work of the coolies; with the result that the inexorable white men, who are now in charge of everything, not only insist upon the *kôta* being once more cleaned out, but add insult to injury by forcing these very youths to perform the necessary labor with their own hands, and under careful supervision.

The "chilly death" is monopolizing all the public attention, and this is a sore offence in the eyes of that gentle princess, Tungku Uteh. Therefore she decides to be stricken with the pestilence, and at midnight a white man is sent for post haste to visit the king's daughter on her deathbed. He goes, of course, and finds the outer portions of the palace in a ferment of excitement, for how otherwise should a loyal people give proof of their sympathy and distress? In the inner apartment he finds Tungku Uteh, becomingly garbed, lying propped upon a wealth of pillows, with half a score of sleepy women ministering to her in her sickness, or sitting in very dejected attitudes around the walls of the chamber. The princess smiles languidly, and extends a cool, soft hand for the white man to touch, murmuring, between a smile and a giggle, that she is feeling very ill indeed. The white man, who has left a dying mother moaning and walling by the side of her stricken child, in order that he may visit the princess in her extremity, is both angry and disgusted. He does not take any great pains to hide his feelings, and when Tungku Uteh realizes that shamming sickness will not win her any attention

from him, she calls for the plentiful meal which her love of creating a sensation has alone prevented her from eating at an earlier hour.

But the "chilly death" has one very marked effect upon the bulk of the people. Piety, newly born, but very strong and lusty, suddenly springs up in Pahang. The mosques, which were wont to be empty of a Friday, are now so full that half the congregation squats in the sunshine without the building. At the hours of prayer the river banks are so crowded with men seeking water for their ablutions that one can with difficulty win a way to the water's edge. Every evening a procession of priests and holy men winds through the alleys of the town, droning the prayers which are only sounded in time of trouble or calamity; and as the "chilly death" claims more and more lives as his victims, the length of the procession increases, and the energy and volume of the voices chanting the lamentations wax greater and greater.

Then, at last, the heavens relent. The brazen sky is overcast, and upon a certain day the merciful rain falls in a deluge upon the parched and aching earth. For a week the torrents of fresh, pure water fall, and fall and fall; and the white men sitting within their closed houses, or ploughing through the slush, with their shoulders hunched up to their ears, thank God deep down in their hearts that the days of the "chilly death" have passed away.

The procession has dwindled now to very small proportions. The mosques stand empty, as of yore; and the five hours of prayer are once more suffered to slide by unheeded of the people. The sun returns, and looks down again merrily upon a glistening land, new-washed, and pure, and sweet, and green—a land whence pain and agony have fled.

The "chilly death" has come and gone. Many lives have followed in his

wake, and in most houses throughout the land there is heard the sound of mourning. But perhaps the most lasting effect of the pestilence is to be seen in the hearts of the people; for they have learned to lean upon their white

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rulers, and know that they will never have to look to them for help in vain. It is upon this broad basis of confidence and trust that the power of England rests in this distant land.

Hugh Clifford.

A PEDAGOGUE.

I.

"O, THIS IS NOT MY OWN WORLD."

1508. He was a City messenger.

The fact for days past had been constantly and proudly present to him. They say who know, that even the royalty to which you must be born is a conscious thing. How much more a giddy eminence suddenly attained like this!

He had but two weeks ago said good-bye to the tall, red Board School at the corner of Bridge Street, on whose top floor he had passed most of his life for the past few years. That good ship, "Standard VI," had carried him safe and sound over the perilous rapids called a government inspection; and now he was launched upon life's wider ocean in a tunic and breeches of navy blue, scarlet facings, belt, boots and a blazing cap casting back the sun-rays; garb and freedom, and farewell to the good ship swelling his narrow little chest with a breathless dignity.

He was small for his years and his honors. There had been a few dreadful moments when the superintendent had hesitated. But the President had run him through. Was he not the President's coachman's son?

For all that, there had been other moments. The regulation pattern had needed deep takings-in at all the

seams; the cap was still too big; the boots had required making to his measure. The outfitter had sniffed. Worse still, the two other boys, who, on that great Monday morning, passed with him the solemn threshold of inauguration, were the tallest ever yet admitted to the brigade. Very near grown men, he thought them. When he came up last, that superintendent had made an elaborate pantomime of looking round No. 2 with "Hey! what, there's another one?"

He didn't much fancy that superintendent. There are circumstances under which the funny man does not commend himself.

Worst of all, when he had somewhat shakily, but in his largest text, inscribed his name in the great book bound in scarlet leather, the superintendent said, "Well, Charles Elmsley Smith, 1508, there's my Gladstone bag. Pick it up and take it across to the station; and show what you can do."

1508 (at that great moment he scorned all names not expressible in figures) had no choice but to obey. But that bag! He seized it and bore it bravely out of the office. But he set it down somewhat elaborately, while he shut the door after him. Out in the broad, sloppy roadway full of traffic, he knew, for the first time, what it meant. Heavens, what was in that bag? No honest socks and shirts, no

Christian-like broadcloth. The thing was impossible. That man, that liked to laugh at a little chap, had packed it on purpose with stones, with— Thank heavens! here was the further curb, the station door just beyond. Did he stagger or walk? He knew not. One bright new boot splashed, heart-breakingly, into the edge of a reef of liquid mud, new-scraped by a grinning scavenger off the roadway. Inside the station door he set down the burden with as small a bang as possible. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead. "All right," said a porter hailing him, "Mr. Stokes, 11.20. You needn't wait."

1508 did not wait. As he re-crossed the road, he knew, after one furtive glance, that 1506 and 1507, and a looming shadow of superintendent behind them, had all been looking from the office window. That cap had lurched to one side, he was certain.

He had scarcely got back and sat down on the bench to wait for a job, when the well-known carriage drove up with a flourish, and the President came up the office steps. 1508 sprang to open the door. He stood in the doorway. If only father would look that way. Father knew his duty better. The broad face, the hat-brim, gazed impassively down the street with a stony expressionlessness. So did Thomas the footman's.

The President was a large man, broader faced than his coachman, and more demonstrative. "How do, Charlie, my lad?" he said affably. At sight of him the superintendent's face took on a certain expression. The President was always coming. The brigade, as his family and friends irreverently whispered, was "the last fad." His face still wore a sort of surprise. It was not a fortnight since his "throwing out," and he found it hard to believe that the Assembly of the Nation could in reality sit without him. He was a busy man, fond of public speaking. An abuse

was ambrosia and nectar to him; a treasure to be hugged to his heart. Had the object of any one of his numerous crusades gone down (which had not yet happened) before his bow and spear, the President would have been considerably more disconcerted than the enemy.

For the moment, after the extraordinary behavior of his native town at the late election, Othello's occupation was gone. He fell on the brigade with a fierce joy. Had he not founded it? designed the uniform? drawn up the prospectus? Well, he had adapted somebody's idea; "dashed off a sketch" for somebody to "modify;" drafted phrases, and still, after somebody's "revision," blissfully believed them his own.

Now that he had nothing else to do, the brigade must make him something. There really was little harm in the President save that he wasted the time of the House, that is, the nation. But his point of view was that the scheme of things existed only to provide the President with occupation, with interest, with—(witness superintendent, after an overdose of President) with "pure faddles."

At the moment he turned on 1508.

"Cap too big! Tunic bulges! Oh, allow for growing, I see." (1508 disliked him.) "Good boy, I hope, Charlie. Attend to duties. Do me credit, eh?" (No, hated him.) "Fine lads these two. New, eh? Ah, Stokes! A word with you."

It was nearly five minutes before the two men came back, during which time the President's voice had not ceased to sound, though mercifully his words were inaudible.

Then he came hurrying into the office.

"Good day, my lads, good day. Not another moment. Charlie, my boy, capital job for you—nice-mannered little chap—get on with the fair sex,

eh? make a pedagogue of him, eh, Stokes? don't understand? ancient word; means that, you know. Morning, morning, good-morning!"

He was gone. 1508 stood bathed in blushes, waiting orders, consumed with inward rage. What did he mean? before those two!

Mr. Stokes opened the day-book deliberately, and made an entry. He then ordered 1506 to Edgeland Station to fetch luggage, and 1507 to an address connected with theatre tickets. Then, the two having departed, without raising his eyes, he read out solemnly from the book:

"1508, 10 Sycamore Gardens, daily 8.35 A. M., conduct a young lady to school."

Mr. Stokes had a heart and sense of humor. He was sorry for the boy.

But 1508 stood gazing from him, with wide, clear brown eyes, full of wonder. There was nobody to laugh. It was his "first job;" he was no budding young man, like those others, but a child of twelve. He was deeply and acutely interested.

II.

THE SCARLET LADY.

Aunt Maria had once lived in the country. She remained under the illusory impression that she did so still. In point of fact, the growing, breathing city had crept out and round about her dwelling long ago. A huge gasometer rose, bare and hideous, in the "field" where her milkman had once kept his cow; there were no sycamores left, and very few gardens. But Aunt Maria's impressions were harder to uproot than gardens or sycamores.

She was a tall, somewhat gaunt lady, who occasionally wore a black silk embroidered apron, but never a cap. She disapproved of the High School, and frequently repeated anecdotes

about her family and friends, some impressive, some in intention humorous. Missie looked forward to the High School. There were other children, and mother had gone there when she was little. The anecdotes bored her; she understood none of them. Aunt Maria talked to every one alike, babies and persons of sixty-five, and if you laughed in the wrong place, you were made aware of it. She was a wholly self-centred woman. And Missie, poor dear, was little.

But what are you to do when you must cross the sea, and the child must be educated? Aunt Maria was upright, and after her fashion, kind. And in time one would come home to the child.

Aunt Maria was first cousin to Mrs. President; Missie's mother being one degree removed. When, after a week of it, Aunt Maria's Sarah professed her inability to "do it" any longer, Aunt Maria named the trouble when dining with her cousins. The heavens might fall on Sycamore Gardens, but Sarah must be considered. The President, with the Brigade, fell upon her then and there.

Aunt Maria was a trifle disturbed in her mind. Still, it was a way out of the difficulty, and she knew no other. After all, the child was a mere baby. But she postponed speaking to the mere baby until the last moment. And the President's promptitude stole a march on her. Sarah was tying her severe bonnet strings when the double knock startled the house.

1508 had started early, and hung about the "Gardens" till the brass hand of St. Jude's Church clock touched the quarter. The chimes were still ringing as he knocked. No one could say the brigade had not been punctual.

Missie came tearing downstairs. She had not passed yet out of that illusory stage of mother-sickness, when any

sudden arrival might be a return. She rushed at Aunt Maria's dignified front door and opened it. The child was so impulsive! just like Gertrude herself. She threw the door wide.

"Why, it's a boy!" she cried out, loud.

1508 blushed to the very tips of his ears.

"Child, child, come in," called Aunt Maria, emerging. She came to a standstill.

"Oh!—who sent you?"

"The brigade superintendent, madam," said 1508, cap in hand.

"Oh! you were ordered at once, then? Come and stand inside. Can I trust you with this young lady?"

1508 sent a bashful glance in the direction indicated. The young lady wore a big scarlet felt hat, a dashing little gray coat open over a white blouse, and a scarlet skirt. She met his eyes with a beaming smile, and a most comic little nod of her black head.

1508 became less bashful. He tried not to smile back.

"Certainly, madam," he responded, with dignity.

Aunt Maria looked him up and down.

"You're small," she said, "can you protect her at the crossings?"

1508 felt a little bitter. That it should follow him here!

"I'm sure of it, madam," he answered, as one convinced to the soul.

"Oh, well I suppose—get your satchel, Victoria. Sarah, you need not go."

Missie snatched the satchel from its peg.

"You will take her straight to the High School, in Belmont Square, No. 50. You will see her safely in; and precisely at four o'clock you will be there to fetch her home."

"Tram or cab, madam?" inquired 1508, with deference.

"Tram, unless very full. Now go. You will be late. Take her satchel."

Missie slammed the door behind them by the big round handle in the middle.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried, skipping down the steps, "going about with a dressed boy! I suppose you're a kind of footman? What nice boots! and that silver thing on your cap! how bright it shines! don't you like wearing it?"

"I do, miss," said 1508, from his heart. He was glad she chattered, though she somewhat took his breath away.

"I wish I'd got one," said Missie, "girls can't really be dressed, unless they're in the pantomime. I wish I was in the pantomime, don't you?"

"I'm in the brigade, miss," said 1508, intending no joke. His mind was naturally serious; in these first moments still more so.

"Does that go on the stage?"

"Not that I knows of. It hires us to do jobs, fetching luggage and that. 'Twas the brigade put me in these tog—I mean clothes. They ain't my own. 'Tis a uniform."

"Yes, they are your own, if you wear them. Whose else's can they be? Oh—oh—here's Punch! Going round that corner. Let's run. He'll be gone. Boy, boy, can't you run?"

"No, miss," said 1508 stolidly. "You've got to get to school." He was blessed with sisters.

"Oh, bother you! I will go if I like. You're only a dressed boy!"

"My orders is, miss, to see you there at 9 o'clock."

"Then I don't like you a bit, so there! I've never looked at Punch in my life, not all through. You've seen him scores of times. Your clothes aren't pretty a bit, and I do dislike you. You're horrid, like old Sarah."

1508 marched on in silence, reflecting that "she'd soon stop that." He thought

none the better of her, but she amused him, and he had his work to do. At the corner he hailed an electric tram. The High School was away from the business quarter. The car was empty. The amusement of gazing round it caused an immediate revulsion in Missie's sentiments.

"I like this," she said, jumping on the cushions, "don't you?—what's your name? I can't call you 'boy.'"

"Fifteen-eight, miss,"

"What? Were you christened that?"

1508 laughed.

"Why, no, miss. 'Tis my number in the brigade. 'Tis up here on my cap."

"Oh, I say! Take your cap off and let me look."

1508 obeyed, blushing.

"So it is. City messenger 15-nought-8. Well, I never! Are there all those of you?"

"No, miss. There's about fifty of us. 'Twas the President thought 'twould look well beginning with a big number."

"Belmont Square, miss," he remarked presently, and they descended and rang at a broad olive-green door. A neat maid opened it. Missie snatched her satchel and was gone. 1508 turned away. His journey back to the office was dull and also ruminant. He wondered if he had been rude to her about Punch. Well, she had given it him back. And bless you, they'd never have got there! An instinct born of years of walking to school with Ethel and Ada had impelled him. 1508 had never known what it was not to own a sense of responsibility. He was the eldest and the only boy.

All through the day's smaller jobs something unfamiliar, entrancing, hung about his memory. At four he reached the olive door again. It was open. A stream of girls and chatter poured out. 1508 took up a bashful but firm position on the step. At last came a clear and plaintive treble.

"Boy! oh, wherever is my boy? Oh, my boy, I am glad to see you! Come along."

She seized his hand, in face of them all, and dragged him down the steps.

"I do want my tea, I do. We've had the most nastiest sums, and I'm all up and down. Oh, boy, do let's walk quick."

They rattled on to meet the tram. 1508 was too much amused to say anything. Something shy and gentle kept him silent too. She had flashed on him at that doorway, despite Punch and Ada and the sums, as something bright, strange, delicately beyond his ken. She might have been some busy, broad-winged, scarlet bird. The big hat, the short skirts, caught the breeze. The chattering voice was sweet, though the wind blew its words away. A sense of charm, of the whimsical, the beautiful, caught hold of the town-bred coachman's son. It seemed wildly all of a piece with a world where one found a career and a uniform. To such strange uses, ah! dear romance, dost thou come!

In the tram she subsided on to the seat, refreshed and willing to be calm. A dainty color fluttered in her cheek, her gray eyes were bright. At last, with a deeply solemn air, she turned, in the midst of the full tram, and looked at 1508.

"He was a beast," she announced, with profoundest conviction.

"Who, miss?" said 1508, startled and somewhat scandalized.

"That man," she answered, nodding, "that invented long division."

III.

"THE WOMAN BEGUILLED ME, AND I—"

He had been a "pedagogue" more than a fortnight. Matters had considerably advanced. She had learnt to call him "Fifteen-eight," and to con-

fide most of her concerns to him. He knew that it was very hard mother's letters only came once a week, that Miss Watney was a dear, and Miss Jones fearfully sharp. Also that she wished that she lived anywhere, anywhere, except where she did. Further, that he mustn't say "Missle," because that was her name. She was born on the Queen's birthday, and mother loved the Queen, but her name was too big for a little girl every day.

To 1508 she was a source of perpetual and exciting drama. His resistance about Punch had been a cheap victory. She never had offended again, the inborn dignity of a lady forbidding tussles with "my boy," especially after he had won. It was on a lovely Wednesday when the lilacs were out in the gardens, that the next embarrassing development occurred. Missle skipped out with a beaming countenance.

"Oh, 1508, whatever do you think? Aunt Jane's very ill, and Aunt Maria got a pink telegram and cried, and she went off this morning and Sarah went with her. Oh, 1508, aren't you glad?"

1508, who, knowing more of life and death, was preparing a properly funereal countenance, was somewhat startled by this appeal. "Glad, miss? Why, the poor lady—"

"Oh, bother! I mean, glad because I'm left alone. There's only Kate in the house. She's the cook and she's nice. She brings me up biscuits and things when she comes to bed, and she says we'll have a lovely time. She's going to make buttered toast for tea. Oh, here's the tram."

Within her mind still ran on her joys. "I do hope Aunt Jane will be ill ever so long! Getting well, you know"—a hurried after-thought—"that takes quite a time. Mary Simmons had scarlet fever, and she was five weeks getting well. She told me so. Oh, 1508, I'm lovely and happy! I'd like

to run away out in the country and never come back, nor go to school any more."

"I wouldn't, miss," said 1508, somewhat alarmed.

"No, of course I can't. But oh, I'm glad! 1508, when do you get holidays?"

"I don't rightly know, miss. We have them in turn. It'll likely be a good while yet afore mine comes on."

"How horrid! don't you long for it to come on?"

1508 considered. "I don't know as I do, miss, not yet. I ain't got tired of my work by now. Time it comes, though, I'll be glad, I daresay."

"What'll you do with it? Have a lovely time?"

"Go on my bicycle a bit, I expect. When I ain't helping mother. She'll be rare and glad of me."

"Help mother? A boy! What'll you do?"

1508's brown eyes softened with a smile of love.

"Bless you, I did 'arf the work when I were at school. I'll be washing up, and minding baby, what's new since then. There was Ethel and Ader to see to before. They're gettin' up now."

"Ethel and Ada—your sisters?"

Missle's eyes were fixed on him. She grew interested. Dimly she realized that his life was as vaguely unknown a thing to her as hers to him.

"Twins, miss. They are a pair of 'em, bless 'em! Ethel she'll be guided, but Ader's a reg'lar rip! They're got out of the Infant School more'n a year. You should just 'ear 'em talk when they gets together. Quarrel fit to kill the other one. But if you orfers to part 'em!"

"How nice!" said Missle. "Tell me some more. What are they like?"

"Oh, they're just—little gals, miss. Ader, she don't mean no 'arm, only she gets that excited. Mother, she

didn't know 'ow to get on when I lef' school."

"I should like to see them. I don't know any little girls like them. Where is it they live?"

"Up Franklin's Mews, miss. Father's a coachman."

"I've never been up a mews. Couldn't you take me home with you some day?"

1508 was embarrassed.

"I don't hardly think so, miss," he observed, "they mightn't like it up at your 'ouse."

"Oh, mother wouldn't mind! and I do lots of things Aunt Maria doesn't like, as it is. She doesn't like the High School, nor this frock, nor my hair, nor not looking over my letters. I don't know what she does like. Not me, I'm sure. Well, and I don't like her. See! I'll write to mother. If she says I may go and see Ethel and Ada, you'll take me, won't you, dear 1508?"

1508 was one of Nature's gentlemen. Certain instincts struggled within him at this appeal. At last,

"I'll ask mother, miss," he observed, sagely.

When she emerged that afternoon she looked bored.

"Oh, 1508," she said yawning, "it is hot to-day. You're hot."

"I am, miss," said 1508 incautiously. "I had a long job this afternoon, and just about a rush to get here punctual. But the Superintendent have give me an hour off after, to make up."

Some demon seized upon Missie.

"Oh, but that's nice," she cried; "1508, you shall come and have tea with me! Nobody won't mind, and we will be jolly. Well, to be sure! how nice!"

Words will not do justice to the commotion this speech created within 1508. What to say? How to say it? He believed he longed to escape from an embarrassing suggestion; yet, below that, deep down, there stirred a

strange, mocking, beautiful desire. To see her at home, behind that door, in that house he knew so well by hearsay! Who has not hovered, like him, upon the brink of some new world within the world? It is not that it must needs be fair; but that we long to know, because of the mere charm of the unknown.

"Thank you, kindly, I'm sure, miss," 1508 got out, "but I don't see 'ow I can do that."

"Why ever not?"

"Why, you see, miss—but here's the tram."

Mercifully it was full, and the woman opposite Missie had a baby, who absorbed that young lady's interest and attention. When they landed, she had embarked on a tale about the High School kitten, who had joined her and others at dinner-time. It lasted to the door-step, and 1508 hoped—no, feared—no, hoped—that she had forgotten.

No such thing.

"So then Alice held her so tight that Kitty scratched, and Alice—Oh, here we are! And there's tea all set, and the door open. Come along, 1508."

1508 grew cold and hot.

"Indeed, miss, I didn't ought—"

"Oh, nonsense. Yes you did. It's plum jam. Kate said she'd open it on purpose. And I shall pour out tea. You're such a dear boy, 1508. Come along. There's no old Sarah."

She was through the door and in the dining-room. And—so was he.

1508 never knew how it was. Not being a philosopher, he despised himself because he didn't. He only knew that she stood, alluring, eager, in that doorway. And the thing was done. No going back. He was aware of facts unrealized, that would have to be faced. But he pulled his cap off, blushing, came in, and stood waiting, as if at attention.

"Sit down there," said Missie, tossing her scarlet hat on to a chair, "I

shan't bother to go upstairs. Oh dear, the teapot's heavy. But it isn't hot! Whatever—? Why, there's nothing in it!"

1508 struggled with a smile. He was gazing, furtive and bashful, but eager, round the room. She ran out, teapot and all, to the top of the kitchen stairs.

"Kate, Kate, make my tea."

Kate came up, rubbing floury hands in her apron.

"Why, dear me, Miss Victoria, home already?"

"Yes, to be sure. Are you busy, Katie dear? I'll wait for it."

"Do then, there's a good child. I'm just a sight with the bread."

Missie came back, the full teapot casting small cascades from its spout along her road. She set it down with a bang and a splash on the cloth.

"Oh, that was heavy."

1508 stood still at attention. The pause had been long and empty. Slowly he was growing deathly shy. It began to dawn on him that he ought to have fetched the teapot. He stood on the other foot, and turned his cap in his hands. He gazed stonily out of the window. In the street he was a man in his place, an effective agent, a thing sufficing and pleasant to look on. Here he was a board school boy out to tea.

"Come along," said Missie, pushing her hair out of her eyes, "sit there, and I'll give you some tea when my hand's left off aching. Have some bread and jam?"

1508 drew a chair to the table with what seemed to him a terrifying noise. He did not like to cut the bread, till she, absorbed with her teapot, said, "Oh, do go on. I should like a crusty bit."

Thus exhorted he exchanged a gigantic hulk off the loaf's corner for a cup of pale, straw-colored liquid, dissolving four lumps of sugar. She

helped him to jam as she loved him. Then a dead and sudden silence fell. The jam was good, the crusty loaf was new. Yet—what was it? They could not talk. Missie lifted her head suddenly. She looked at him and—understood. He was shy! And instantly so was she! Never in her life before had such an ailment attacked Missie. She could not make it out. Then—she hated it.

It had her by the throat. Would she never speak again? One horrid strangled instant; then she dashed into wild chatter. She knew not what she said or did while the meal lasted. In point of fact her table manners would have disgraced Ader.

1508 did not know what to make of her. He looked on, big-eyed, chilled, making no attempt to join. He had an idea that, had she been a man, it would have meant drink. Tea couldn't do that, no! Yet somehow she fascinated him more and more.

They had just finished tea, when Kate, having thrust her batch into the oven, remembered the child upstairs. She mounted slowly to the dining-room. "Well, Miss Victor—Lor' bless my soul!"

It was as though some withering flame had touched 1508. He sprang up from the table.

"I'll have to go home now, miss, thank you," he rapped out, and Aunt Maria's staid dining-room knew him no more.

The mews were quiet under the westerling sun. The carriages had come in from afternoon drives, and the hour of dinners was not yet. The door of home stood open. He went in. His mother, who sat alone nursing her baby, half rose in surprise.

"Why, Charlie, whatever—"

She doubted not for a moment that something was wrong. "What's the matter, boy? Are you 'urted?"

1508 sat down, uniform and all, in a

heap by the table. He looked at the floor.

"Whatever is it? You're in trouble. Have you been a bad boy?"

Still no answer.

"You tell your mother downright all about it," said Mrs. Smith with authority. "What is it then, Charlie? You 'aven' never told me a story."

1508 lifted his head. He was pale and his lips shook.

"I went 'ome to tea with her. 'Tis as much as my place is worth."

"Went 'ome to tea! with your young lady! Lor! whatever made yer do that?"

"She axed me. Th' old lady's away, and the servant. She was that merry she didn't scarcely know what she were at. She 'ad me in 'fore I knew—"

His mother stood looking down on him. She glanced at the clock. "Well, you 'aven't been there very long. Did anybody see yer?"

"The cook did. She come in of a sudden, and 'Lor' bless my soul!" she says. And I come away that minute."

Mrs. Smith sat down. She was a healthful woman, with bright black hair and a pleasant nut-brown face. To her son, at this moment, she was the one firm rock of foothold. They had been friends all his life.

"I don't know as you've done so much harm, Charlie," she said presently. "It's what they'd say up at the office."

"They'd discharge me," 1508 said. He looked down at the high boots which had been such a wonder. His eyes filled and his mouth shook.

"There, don't you cry," said his mother soothingly, "we'll manage it somehow."

He sat still looking at his boots, the tears dropping. At last he said brokenly:—"If 'twasn't for you and father I'd like to go and own up. Mr. Stokes, he ain't unkind. 'Tis the first time. I couldn't bide to lose my place, th' uni-

form—and all. If I don't go—that cook'll be always 'anging over me."

"So she will, my boy," said his mother. After a moment she added, "You hold on a bit, and don't you fret. I don't know as I won't go round myself to-morrow, if I can get the time."

1508 got up and came over to her. He laid his head against her, hugging her, baby and all, with one arm, and crying his tears away.

"You're that good to me," he sobbed.

His heart still broke, between gratitude and conviction of sin. A city messenger! in his cap and all! go home to tea! It was worse than sin; it was unprofessional.

"There, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, patting him, "you was in the right to come straight to me. And we won't say nothing to father."

IV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"1508! Whatever is the matter?"

She had felt "a little funny" before he came, but as soon as she saw him the feeling ran off her like water off a duck. It is indeed blessed to own a "mercurial temperament."

1508 had taken her satchel from her silently. He was all blushes and wore a funereal air. When she spoke, he looked full at her.

"I ain't feeling very—well this morning, miss," he replied, with deep solemnity.

He had resolved, in his bed last night, that she ought to know. It had been her doing. What man, since Adam, has resisted the combination of his own curiosity and woman? And what man but has felt she should share the consequences?

"Oh dear, are you ill of something? 'Tisn't catching, is it? One can catch things. Ethel and Ada 'll have it."

"'Tisn't anything like that, miss,"

said the same dolorous voice, "I'm feeling very bad in my mind."

"Oh, I say!" Missie retreated several steps, "is it like what Sarah says, 'either mad or melan-choly?'"

"No, miss." Even this woke no smile. "'Tis unhappy I am. I didn't ought to have come 'ome with you. 'Twas as much as my place is worth."

"As much as—what?"

"They'll discharge me, very likely. Send me packing. You ain't allowed to do not anything but just what you're told. They are that strict. They have to be."

"Send you away! Who?"

"Mr. Superintendent."

"Mr. Super—he doesn't know."

"No, miss. But we're a-going to tell him. I'd a-spoke this morning, only mother she said as she'd go round. If he hears it of me, there won't be no chance. If I owns up, maybe he'll look it over."

"But—but—how nasty of him! 'Twasn't your doing. 'Twas mine."

"It was, miss." Words only do no justice to 1508's combined respect and solemnity at this moment. Missie's cheek flushed.

"Oh, 1508, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. Indeed I didn't! Oh, please forgive me, 1508." She raised a pleading, eager, little face. He felt the world going round with him. And the tram rattled up. He felt himself suddenly a brute. A man usually does when she has begun to share the consequences.

When she came out in the afternoon, her small bow of a mouth was very straight. She was talking hard to a girl going the same way. In the tram she didn't speak. He began to wonder was she angry?

On the doorstep at home she turned round. "I'm dreadfully sorry, 1508. I am indeed. I hope it will be all right."

He muttered something, he knew not what. The satchel and she were gone.

The quarter was ringing from St. Jude's, when John Cabman woke from his doze inside his four-wheeler to a faint consciousness that he was addressed. He struggled up and looked at his fare in some surprise.

"What did you say, miss?"

"Do—you—know—your—way?" said Missie, with the emphasis required by a sleepy man, "to where they keep the City messengers?"

John Cabman rubbed his head and slowly smiled.

"The orifice, miss, I s'pose. I'll drive yer there. Is this all there is of you?"

"Yes. And—oh, please—I've got 5s. 4d.—what does it cost?"

If Missie had not been fluttered inwardly, she would not thus have given herself away. She had never in her life been so far from home alone. A chaos of unknown things seemed to be round her.

"Hall right, missie. You get in wi' me. 'Alf a crown'll do me." John was an honest man. The door banged. The cab rattled off.

Missie looked gravely out of the window, her red skirt spread on the dirty plush cushions. She felt very strange indeed. She had never before been so serious as since she left the high school, and she did not like it. In her short days she remembered no act of her own, fraught with a disastrous consequence to another person. Missie had not lived long enough to grow selfish. She was staggered. But she was by nature practical. She saw one road before her and only one. She took it, setting her small teeth. A fine and saving thing is English obstinacy.

The office was empty, save for a long-legged boy on a bench, waiting a job. A person in a scarlet frock, with both gloves on, and a hot spot on each cheek; of a dignity to awe the boldest, came in and deliberately shut the door. She had arrived without adventure, self-possession growing on the road.

"I wish to see Mr. Superintendent," she announced, with extreme clearness.

The boy got up. He tried not to grin.

She had an indignant longing to box his ears.

"Who shall I say, miss?" he inquired.

"A lady," said Miss Victoria, crushingly.

The boy retired.

After a moment the glass door opened. Mr. Stokes appeared and looked round the office. The lady advanced. The counter was somewhat high. She mounted deliberately upon a chair, which stood against it, and settled herself, as though she were in a shop.

"Are you Mr. Superintendent?"

"I am."

"I want to speak to you, but I don't want that boy to hear."

"You can go outside," said Mr. Stokes, nodding to the boy.

"Thank you. Now I can tell you. It is about 1508. He takes me to school every day."

Mr. Stokes had been commendably grave. Now his lips began to curve.

"I see. You are Miss—"

"I am Miss Victoria Gertrude Sedley. I wanted to tell you—"

"No complaint of the boy, I hope?"

"No. That's just it. You see, last night I didn't know he mightn't, and I took him home to tea. He is a very nice boy, 1508. He has lots of sense, and we're quite friends. Well, to-day he's fearfully miserable, because he says you're that strict you'll dis-send him packing. And his mother's coming round to see you. But really it was me. I made him, and there was plum jam, and he was so shy, you know! 'Twasn't as if he'd enjoyed himself. And—"

Missie was embarked on a full flood of eloquence. It was carrying her on over rapids and shallows, past discom-

fort and dignity, to wider water, where she would no more be self-conscious. But at this moment the door latch snapped; a respectable woman came in and paused. Missie turned. Something enlightened her.

"Oh, if you please," she cried, "are you 1508's mother?"

Mrs. Smith looked from one to the other. Recognition sprang into her eyes. She advanced.

"If I might speak to you, sir."

"Oh, 1508's mother—it is you, isn't it? I've just been saying it wasn't his fault. It was me, you know, and I'm dreadfully sorry, and I told 1508 and he wouldn't laugh or anything. So I came here by myself. And please, Mr. Superintendent, if you'd just say it doesn't matter for once!"

Mrs. Smith looked from her to Mr. Stokes, and found his smile breaking.

"A pretty dear!" said Mrs. Smith to Mr. Stokes.

1508 was safe.

"Lor' no, my dear, I'll see you home. You didn't ought to have come this length all alone. Ethel and Ader? Oh, they're as well as anything, and I'll just call in home on my way and tell 'em to go on with their tea. What, you haven't had none? There, I suppose you wouldn't like to come in and let me make yer a cup? Would you then? There, you'll be just about welcome, and I've got a new cake and a good one."

Ethel and Ada, a pair of bright-eyed, brown-faced persons in round pinafores, stared hard. Their shyness did not last long. Laying the tea, with Missie to help, became a rare game.

In the midst of the meal the door burst open and a uniform burst in.

"Oh, mother, I say, 'tis all right. I've seen Mr.—" a dead stop.

"Yes, Charlie, my dear, 'tis all right," said his mother over the tea-cups. "But you've 'ad a better friend nor your mother this time, and it's your young

lady, as went there all by herself a-pleading for yer. Sit down, my dear, and 'ave yer tea."

1508 looked and drank and was speechless.

But idylls must end.

Next morning, at Sycamore Gardens, she met him with her hat off.

"Oh, 1508, I'm not going to the high Temple Bar.

school any more. You've got to come at twelve and fetch my luggage. Aunt Jane is going to be ill ever so long, and father's cousin Florence is going to have me. And she's got children. Oh, 1508, I'm so glad!"

But 1508—was he glad?

He was no longer a pedagogue.

Mary J. H. Skrine.

THE LETTERS OF ELIZABETH.

Thanks to the industry of the painful biographer and the garrulity of the recorder of reminiscences, our knowledge of the political, literary and fashionable celebrities who flourished a century ago is sufficiently ample and minute. For the upper-middle class, those comfortable squires and clergymen who, with their large families, constitute the provincial aristocracy, we are, through the Dutch paintings of the inimitable Jane Austen, as intimate with them as with our own relations and personal friends. But when we take a step downwards in the social scale, and seek to make acquaintance with that lower middle-class which is chiefly represented by farmers, factors and prosperous tradesmen, we find ourselves at a loss. In her unfinished novel, "The Watsons," Miss Austen seems to have set herself to deal with this class; and she was just beginning to revel in the affairs of the big homely family at the farm, and to sketch their humors and foibles with her usual unerring touch, when the pen fell for ever from the hand that could alone have done justice to such a theme.

That the yeoman-class of the period might afford excellent material to the humorist and student of manners some evidence may be found in a bundle of frayed, time-stained letters written by Elizabeth Girling, the daughter of a

farmer living in easy circumstances at Weston in Norfolk, to various members of her family, between the years 1796 and 1805. These sprightly effusions seem to have been carefully treasured by the recipients, who probably looked upon Sister Bet as the wit, if not the genius, of the family. Her education at a boarding-school at East Dereham had not, fortunately, resulted in the repression of her high spirits, the quenching of her innate sense of humor, or the conversion of her racy methods of expression into conventional platitudes. She had learned to write an admirable little copper-plate hand, to do fancy-work, to draw and paint in a fashion to please herself, and to sing and play in a fashion to alarm her family; but she had imbibed no spurious gentility, nor was she, like so many of her fellows at the present day, a cheap imitation of the daughters of the neighboring gentry. Although Elizabeth and her sisters knew nothing of lawn-tennis or croquet, they had gaudies for every season of the year in the shape of Assize Week at Norwich, Wroxham Water-frolle, Wymondham Fair, Lenwade Races, the annual sheep-shearing, and frequent visits to the Norwich theatre which then maintained a good stock company. There were plenty of beaux, if not many serious ones, at these festivities, for the

land could still support her sons, and Australia was still a convict-settlement. Of literature we hear nothing in these letters, and of the outside world very little, beyond occasional rumors of wars, more especially of a threatened French invasion; but the inner life of the large closely-united family, its marriages, deaths and betrothals, its comediettas and its minor tragedies—all these are sketched for us by Elizabeth's lively pen.

Even in her school-girl days our heroine occasionally contrived to be thrilling, as when she informs her family that a man at East Dereham had sold his wife and all the furniture for ten shillings, and that the blacksmith had sent all the dogs mad by pouring melted quicksilver into their ears. On November 30th, 1798, she reports that, "We had a holiday on Thursday, and hot apple-pie for supper, which was charmingly good, and drunk his Majesty's health and Lord Nelson's for this late noble victory." In 1801 the young lady is home for good, her education finished, and her head full of lovers, as appears from the following extract from a letter to her sister Maria, then on a visit to some relations.

"I am much obliged to my dear Sister for her generosity in giving me what she had some idea I had no great aversion to, that is—a—a-sweetheart, but too late. I have set my cap, I mean my eye, at a Scotch Laddy. Oh, he have such a dimpled face, and then such a penetrating eye, such grace in every motion—'twas very well you was not in the way, or I am sure you would have lost your heart. Ha, ha, ha, what do you think of him? I wish the description don't set your head a-gadding. But never mind me. If the young man you propose be a decent well-behaved young fellow, you may tell him you have a sister at home, a well-meaning young woman and a very clever—but enough, I have altered my mind all

of a sudden. I'll have nothing to say about any of them, but mean to live and die an old maid."

Another letter to Maria records a feat of horsemanship on which Elizabeth not unjustifiably prides herself.

"Last Monday," she writes, "I rode my brother Tom's spiritty mare from the farmhouse with a man's saddle and without stirrups—there's for you! Had my mother met me, Zooks, what a fright she would have been in, and faith, so should I, for I don't doubt but I should have had the cramp and fell off."

The young lady was evidently a better horsewoman than musician, for she continues:

"And now for what I call a sad piece of news. I was last Tuesday morning very earnest singing 'Bright Chanticleer,' when I heard a bustling noise on the stairs. Presently I heard my mother say, 'I am sure 'twas she.' The maid answered, 'No, ma'am, Miss Bet is in the kitchen.' At that I went to see what was the matter, when, would you believe it, Maria, my mother had taken my singing for moaning, and positively declared she thought I was dying, and I had every reason in the world to believe she was in earnest, for she stood upon the stairs with nothing but a loose white morning dress on. The alarm was, I believe, owing to my not having sung very lately, so had not the right tune, or in all probability, by its being taken for moaning, no tune at all. 'Tis very disheartening. However, I don't think I shall ever attempt to sound my musical pipe again. . . . I have made myself a hat and handkerchief to walk in. Our gowns are like your mother's black, with a small purple zigzag. I hear you intend going to Wymondham Fair. I wish you would buy me a heart, as I am under great apprehension with regard to my own. Pray let it be a sweet one. Adieu."

In the spring of 1803 Bet's brother William goes to Manchester, apparently into some business, and she undertakes to keep him informed of the family affairs. On August 19th she writes:

"Well, my dear William, here I am just returned from these bustling Assizes [at Norwich] to the still more bustling Harvest. The hot meat, hot pudding, and hot weather all together are fit to put anybody into a high fever, especially such as I. The Assize Week I spent at Mr. Clipperton's, and a very pleasant one it was, so you may perceive I like a bustle very well. They had a deal of company the whole week, but on the Wednesday we were obliged to sleep four in a bed." [Then follows a list of twelve ladies and five gentlemen, all of whom were entertained by the hospitable Mr. Clipperton.] "The play on Wednesday was 'John Bull,' a very good thing, and quite new. On the Thursday we went to the great church, and were very well entertained. [This was probably St. Andrew's Hall, formerly a church.] We, that is Mrs. C.'s party, went to the Gardens on the Friday night; the singing was very moderate, but the fireworks very good. On the Saturday we went to the play, which was 'Old Whims;' rather silly. The entertainment 'A House to be Let;' liked it very much. . . . Home on Saturday with my Father and Mother, and ever since I've felt shockingly dull and lazy, so you see the effect of frolicking. I saw your sister Maria on Saturday. She gave me a terrible account of her time—not one single day without paying or receiving visits, worse than I a good deal.

"We have very little talked of amongst us but the French. Great preparations are made to receive them should they attempt to pay us a visit. Your Father is superintendent of Weston, and have to see that the names of

people, cattle, etc., are taken down. The men are all going to learn the use of a gun. Some people are quite terrified about it. When I called at Mrs. Willings on Saturday she was crying, and had been, she told me, for above three hours. Your brother John intend, should they attempt coming, to send his wife and child over to us. I hope we shall never see them on such an occasion. The little girl begin to step about prettily, and talk a wonderful deal, but not to be understood.

"You never gave me any account of your Manchester ladies, whether they are pretty or ugly, merry or grave. Do they wear caps, or go much the same as we? In a former letter I believe you said something about perfect witches, but you know, my dear Brother, there are such things as young witches. Pray don't forget to tell me all about it."

In a letter to Brother William dated November 18th, 1803, we have an account of a domestic event which seems thoroughly to have bored Elizabeth. After apologizing for the length of time that has elapsed since her last letter, she continues.

"But you will, nay must, forgive the omission when you have heard the cause. In the first place your sister's wedding kept us in continual employ for some weeks [this was the marriage of the eldest sister Sarah.] I don't know how it is, but I don't like weddings. They are so dull, so very dull. I never will be at another, that's poz. There was your Grandmother, your Uncle and Aunt Howlett, your Father and Mother, the Bride and Bridegroom, Maria and myself, all moved as stately as if we went upon wires. Then such a formal drinking of health and happiness, 'twas fit to give anybody the vapors for a month at least.

"The next reason why I did not write is this: six of our servants are very ill of a bad fever. There is one of them

given over by the doctors, and the others have no more strength than an infant, and are at times quite delirious. Your Father have sent five of them to their homes, so we have now a little more time. . . .

"Most of the cavalry have volunteered themselves to go to Yarmouth for a week or a fortnight. The Norfolk Rangers, were there last week and used no better than common soldiers. They are obliged to get up at any time of the night if they hear the Bugle, and sometimes are taken six or seven miles by the sea-side. One of them was put into the Black Hole for helping himself to some corn for his horse, not being in the way when it was given out. The talk is now that when they have once volunteered they can be sent anywhere. The people seem very dissatisfied about it. Your brothers neither of them intend leaving their homes till the French come.

"W. Wright have got a steward's place fifty miles beyond London, but I don't suppose he'll stay long, as Mr. Wright said the people were Barbarians, and his son was afraid of being murdered as he went about. Besides all this he left his heart with Eliza Foster."

A couple of letters written during the summer of 1804 give some further account of the gaieties enjoyed by a country girl at that remote period.

"This last fortnight [writes Elizabeth on May 18th] I spent at Hautboys [a little village near Wroxham, whose melodious name is pronounced Hobbice] and came home by Norwich, where I met a party for the play, which was 'He would be a Soldier.' The entertainment was to have been 'Who is the Dupe?' But owing to a bustle in the play-house we were all dupes, for we had no entertainment at all. It was occasioned by the farewell address of Eastmere, who Mr. Kines, the manager, have dismissed the stage.

He being a good actor, the people in general did not approve it, so called Kines on to give his reasons, and the moment he made his appearance they hissed him. He sneered at them, and went off, which provoked the people so they would not let the play go on, so after setting a considerable time, we were obliged to leave the house. . . .

"July 27th. I should have answered your letter sooner, but waited to include Lenwade Races, which were last Wednesday. It was a very rainy day, yet I think we had as much company as usual at ours. . . . And now let me introduce you to a wedding, so pray guess whose. 'Who? why one of my sisters, I suppose.' 'Your sister! Oh no, no, I am sadly afraid they are doomed to be old maids. Only think, these eighteen years they have been living, and never a sweetheart yet.' 'Well then, there are the Miss C's or P's.' 'No.' 'Any of your near neighbors.' 'No.' 'Oh then, I have it, Miss Burton.' Right, my good brother, for last Thursday she was married to Mr. Palmer of Carleton Rode. I shall expect a piece of wedding-cake to draw through a ring, and then only think how sweetly I shall dream. . . .

"The Assizes are next week, to which we are going for two days only. The week after is Wroxham Water Frolic to which we are invited, but I am afraid I cannot go. . . . We went yesterday with our company to look over Weston House and gardens. The family were away, so we ranged about as we pleased. The butler played us several tunes upon the organ, violin and german flute—the silliest man I ever saw in my life. He walked down to ours once with Mr. Smith, and talking about music, he said he frequently took his flute, and stretched himself under a spreading tree, and played himself into sweet oblivion. I saw Richard Wright yesterday, and you can't think what a beau he has be-

come. His shirt-collar up to his eyes, his waistcoat hardly above a finger's length, with a very deep frill, and a remarkable opera-glass hung on the outside. . . .

"September 21st. And so you have leave of absence for a month or six weeks, yet don't mean to come and see us. Only think how glad we should be to see you, and what a while it is since we have seen you. Here is Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters all, and you talk of going to quite another part of the world. Your Father seem to think you right to see about as much as possible, but if you have not particularly engaged yourself, we should be very very glad to see you at Weston. We intend sending you a Haunch of Venison when the weather gets a little cooler, and when you have a mind to any birds you must let us know. Your brother Tom is got to be a pretty good shot, and will shoot eight or ten brace a day, while considering last season he used to manage but one a week, is getting on. . . . I wish you were here to see Maria's and my painting and drawing, for we keep doing a little of both, and think we improve, though 'tis but slowly. Your Mother came up just now, and bade me be sure and caution you, should you go to Liverpool, not to venture on the sea. The same fearful Mother, you see, as ever."

In March, 1805, Elizabeth has just returned from a visit to the neighboring village of Melton, and finds that her brother has not written during her absence, nor acknowledged the gift of some turkeys.

"I begin to think, [she observes], that the old maids, or what is most probable, the young maids take up a deal of leisure time; if so, why we must excuse you for not writing so frequently. Now I should vastly like to know who it is (so you see I've made up my mind there is somebody). Depend upon my keeping the secret.

Now, poz, If I had a serious beau I would give you his whole pedigree, age, stature, and temper, though you'll allow the latter rather a difficult matter. You men are so cunning; you don't often sport your tempers till after the knot is tied (I allow some exceptions), but if I ever should have a beau, I'll use him to contradiction at first. Don't you think that would be a very good plan? Apropos, talking of beaux, remind me that ours have made a very handsome addition to the hind parts of their heads in form of a tail, quite irresistible, I assure you. As to our ladies, why wigs are quite prevalent now; some, I find, wear them instead of hats to walk in. . . .

"By the by, we go out a good deal more than we used to do, and the married ladies tell us now is the time, for should we fall into the matrimonial trap, our Dearys will be for tying us closer to the table's foot. God forbid that should ever be my case. Maria and I have made up our minds not to marry farmers (but women's minds are very apt to alter) and so if you can find a couple of spare linendrapers or grocers, why you may send them over. Or as you give us some hopes you are coming yourself, why you may bring them with you.

"June 20th, 1805. To-morrow Maria and I are going to Norwich to take another look at Fashions, as we have not yet suited ourselves with summer hats, nor indeed have we wanted them, as the weather is very cold for the time of year. . . . Maria and I were finely frightened this afternoon. We walked down to Attlebridge to invite Mrs. and Miss Betts [connections of the Girlings] to tea. When we got a little better than half way we saw a great smoke, but did not think about fire till we met a little girl, who told us Mrs. Betts's house was on fire. We ran till we were just maiten [very hot], but they had nearly put it out when we

got there, but I am hardly come to myself yet, I was so frightened. There was little or no harm done. When we got nigh we found it was only the chimney; there were some very old chambers adjoining, but luckily it was put out before it reached them. . . .

"We clip sheep next Tuesday, and expect to spend a pleasant day or two, as we expect a few friends who think it quite a treat to see the sheep clipped. My pen was so very bad I sent to borrow a knife, not being worth one myself, and here I've got Mr. Young's. He is our Lyng shopkeeper, and such a little snaffling [chattering] man, if I may use the expression, I hardly ever heard. He is going to bring Mrs. Young here in his gig on Sunday. She is not seventeen. He married her against her friends' consent: that is he stole her. She was kept locked up, but bolts and bars were no use. As she said, he wore silk stockings and drove a very handsome gig, so you know he must be irresistible. Apropos, don't you really think I had better give up all thoughts of a city beau (that is, something of a shop-keeper) when you hear how smart even the country ones are, and take a plodding countryman, that is if a plodding countryman will take me, which

is doubtful, but seriously, I should very well like to stand behind a counter."

This is the last letter of the bundle, and we have no further information as to the fate of Elizabeth. It would be interesting to know whether she declined upon a plodding countryman, or achieved her ambition of standing behind a counter. The love-letters of Elizabeth would, one fancies, have been pleasant reading, but it may have been that her quick wit, her lively tongue, and her disposition to quizz were too much for the beaux—snaffling or otherwise—of her period, and that she suffered the fate feared by Beatrix—to lead apes in hell. She passes out of our knowledge to all appearance fancy-free, though not before she has given a good deal of careful attention to the important subject of matrimony. As a type of country-life she is now practically extinct, for the yeoman's daughter of the present day would certainly consider Bet Girling shockingly ungenteel; but whatever her shortcomings, she reveals herself to us in her letters as a real live girl, with a warm heart, a high spirit, a keen contempt for shams and affectations, and, best of all, a saving sense of humor.

Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A MANGROVE SWAMP.

BY MRS. WOODS.

The road runs steeply down from the uplands, where the tufted guinea-grass grows and the bamboos wave like giant clumps of green ostrich feathers. As it descends, the negro shanties become more frequent, and here and there a delicate-fronded tree-fern stands by the way. The bananas throw a broader, bolder luxuriance of leaf against the trifling foliage of the surrounding forest—since tropical foliage is apt to be a mere multitude of

leaves, instead of the grouped, shade-casting masses, which give dignity to an English elm at the sombrest moment of summer. Swiftly we drop to the flats and feel, for all the sharp brilliancy of the sunshine, something muffling in the silken air. Then comes the plain and the logwood—miles and miles of it. When the logwood is in flower that means miles of laburnum-colored blossom wafting delicate sweetness to the mountains and the

sea. But just now it means only so much country covered with a tree as trivial in character as the laburnum itself. Here and there a mule-wagon, with its load of burnt-sienna-colored wood and its complement of ragged negroes, shows vivid in a clearing or on the flaming white of the road. And sometimes we pass a group of low square stone erections in the logwood shade, looking like time-worn tombs in an English churchyard. English tombs they are; tombs of English people who lived and died a century ago in the low, many-jalousied houses away among the plantations. They lived luxuriously, the Jamaican planters in those days; but the yellow fever and the malaria took stern toll of them. In the home we left to-day hang three oval pastel portraits of two sisters and a brother, charming old-world young faces. And sisters and brother all died down here on the plain, in one visitation of fever, making the family burial-ground under the logwood trees full and the family house empty.

Older memories still cling about this flat land, for the place to which we are bound keeps its Spanish name of the Meadow-by-the-Sea. But except for a few such names, all trace of the Spaniard has been swept as clean from the island as he swept the whole unhappy tribe of Arawáks, the mild Indians whom he found here. Probably there was no Spanish building left here a hundred years ago; but in an earthquake which occurred early in the nineteenth century a great wave rushed up into the country, destroying the little town of Savan'lamar on its way. These earthquakes and hurricanes which periodically devastated Jamaica in its palmy days, are now a forgotten terror, and although the mangrove swamp is still here, the yellow fever is seldom heard of, and the monster malaria has grown a kind of sucking-dove. Yes, the mangrove

swamp is here—not the mere collection of evil-smelling mud-banks held together by withies of treelets, which passes for such at Kingston, but the great tropic swamp. It begins a mile or so up from the mouth of the Cabaritta river. The Cabaritta rises but a few miles inland—suddenly, after the manner of Jamaican rivers—and flows through the cane-fields an insignificant stream, like the Ouse or any other mid-land river in its dull infancy. Yet one cannot but look upon it with more respect, because, small as it is, the alligators come up it, nosing round its swampy banks in quest of calves, nigger picc'nies and such savory morsels. But the picc'ny—the piccanniny of London minstrels—must be rather a memory, an aspiration, than a solid fact on the mangrove swamp menu, for he knows that alligator, and from the door of his shanty, just a safe distance from the river and no more, must often smile at the hope which springs eternal in the saurian snout.

By the bridge yonder, where the river is already as wide as the Cherwell at Oxford, stand two huts built of sticks. In England we should not consider them satisfactory houses; but the roofs are quite thick, and the walls substantial enough, no doubt, to create a few draughts and a cosy smell. On a Sunday, when churches and chapels, and, as the Scotch sergeant put it, "ither so-ca'ed releeglons" function, probably these little residences send forth a party of fashionably tailored black gentlemen, and ladies in light fancy blouses and hats. On week-days African modes prevail. Surely yonder stands the *Sibylla Africana* herself, her head bound with a linen handkerchief, her shining black arms bare to the shoulder, her linen draperies girt about her robust bosom and hips after the manner of an early Greek on a vase. Her companion is a young man whose clothes are like his house, adequate, no

doubt, if looked at from the right point of view, but draughty. He carries a knife broad and curved in the blade, as for sacrifice or the cutting of Golden Boughs; which he uses for cutting vegetables.

Here, right against the bank, our canoe is waiting for us, a rude canoe dug out of the trunk of a cotton-tree. We have come at the appointed time, but our black boatmen have already been sitting here on and off for hours and hours, like the Frog Footman. For what is time, one way or the other, in the country of the African Sibyl? They have made a pleasant diversion for the Sibyl and the other ladies of the stick houses, the youngest of whom has done honor to the visitors by hooking herself rather hastily into a highly starched frock, *à l'europléenne*. Another visitor, an alligator who passed up the river a few minutes ago, would have done better to await our arrival. To us he would have been important, exciting, while to the ladies he is socially on a level with a blackbeetle—a creature familiar if disgusting. And, after all, I have seen the uncouth beast myself, not only at the Zoo, but on a Nubian mud-bank. For to call him an alligator is inexact. He is a crocodile, a member of the same historic family which has for immemorial ages companioned the "Serpent of old Nile." There is no serpent here; whereat we rejoice, and he does not repine.

Once in our "dug-out" we move quickly down the Cabaritta, which broadens out uncertainly among thickets of tall reeds and beds of the water-hyacinth. The large, delicate mauve blossom, floating on its green leaves, is very beautiful, and here on the edge of the mangrove swamp it can encroach at will; but in America they say it is becoming a dangerous nuisance, overgrowing, threatening to block the currents of navigable rivers. Very mysterious the way in which,

without any visible change of conditions, some plant which has lived unassumingly alongside of its fellows for millions of years, will suddenly become aggressive and set forth to conquer the world. Others have done it, but to name them would be tedious.

Soon we turn the corner of a low cliff against which a few wretched bananas are making a struggle for existence. Probably they belong to the Sibyl. These are the last signs of cultivation. Awhile the river flows through a melancholy flat which has been cleared of its mighty forest growth; for in those old days, when everything in Jamaica was "better than it is now," it seems the mangrove swamp was also "better." Spindly trees grow on the flat; dull-foliaged bushes, the characteristic growth of the swamp, reeds and vast fern-like fronds begin to appear, though not yet in all their luxuriance. Here and there under the muddy banks a rough canoe is tied, and curious barrel-shaped apparatus for catching fish float on the water. Sometimes the fisherman, a savage, primitive figure, stands black against the gray gleamy sky, a long rod or spar over his shoulder, a fish bigger than a salmon swinging against him.

Swiftly, silently our boat, a boat no better than the dug-out in which our prehistoric ancestors explored the river Arun, follows the windings of the Cabaritta till it is involved in the majestic gloom of the great swamp. A black man, wild-bearded, glittering-eyed, girl with a few linen rags, stares at us from the shadow of a mangrove arch, startled as though he were the primitive savage he appears, and we Columbus and his crew.

The mighty mangrove trees stretch dusky arms high overhead. Long filaments hang from them, the roots of seeds which grow while still on the tree and reach down, down, feeling

blindly after sustenance, until they find water or mud. The mangrove trees stand high on great arches of roots, like ruinous incoherent architecture of some lost race, like white jawbones of primeval monsters. Deep within the swamp, where light and air are shut out, there is only a labyrinth of roots, living or dead, and white as skeletons; but here where the sullen stream cleaves a passage through the shadow, there is vegetation, immense, sinister in its luxuriance. On either bank huge fronds, taller than a tall man, grow thick as hart's-tongues in a Devonshire lane, and, framed in the dusky archway of a mangrove, a great white *pancratium* lily gleams amid its clump of fleshy leaves—a lily twice the size of those which make the boast of our conservatories. The water, so dark in its shadow, sends up pale bewildering reflections where the sky discovers it; there is a strange warm clamminess in the atmosphere, which seems to wrap close round the body like a poisonous garment and send a shiver through it, which is not the shiver of chill. Yet this mortal beauty, this gloomy majesty of the tropic swamp, has an indefinable charm, an invading fascination.

From under overhanging mangrove boughs suddenly we shoot out on to the shining pallor of the sea. The Cabaritta has run its brief course and reached the Atlantic. Westward, as far as eye can see, stretches a wide solitary bay, fringed all along its shore with a sombre-colored fringe of mangrove foliage. On sea and shore alike there is a deadly stillness, the unbreathing hush of primal solitude. Yet we know that life is there, saurians certainly lying in hid places of the swamp, sharks under the still surface of the water, ready to show their shiny humps at the first hint of possible prey. Life is lurking round us, huge wandering maws, creations of the first

blind brutal stirrings of the earth. Under the large foliage of a little island, by which we float and turn, there is a muddy alligator bed. The last time my companion was here he saw the brute lying there, so busy devouring a calf he did not so much as look at the approaching boat.

The furthest point we see is not quite the westernmost point of Jamaica. That is just beyond—Green Island, a promontory stretching out in a northwesterly direction. And all that region is a region of swamps, where only one white man lives, and he under compulsion. From time to time an official comes to inspect the lighthouse, driven rapidly out and yet more rapidly back by a hurrying driver, in terror lest his horses should still be on the road when evening falls and the gray swarm of mosquitoes arises from the swamp. For in that case, says he, they would never reach home again.

There are black people living in the Green Island district. Here, on the edge of the swamp, they seem also but on the edge of civilization. Out there, in the fever-haunted heart of it, even Sunday clothes must be a name, the Obeah man must ply his trade of terror undisturbed, and life swing back to the old jungle level.

In the jungle, where man grows nearer to the beasts, the beasts, it would seem, grow nearer also to him. This story about the swamp was told me by Mass' Charlie, the old sugar-planter; and I will not affirm it to be true, nor, on the other hand, will I say that it cannot be true.

One morning Mass' Charlie had been out shooting in the swamp; and it was in the old days, when the shooting was much better than it is now. That was before the mongoose came, which, having eaten up all the ground birds, is now obliged to eat the chickens and the tails off the lambs. Mass' Charlie

came to a nigger's hut; such a stick hut, I suppose, as we saw by the Ca-baritta. And he went into the hut to tell the old man there howdy. Now the floor of the hut was of mud, and he observed something very strange in the middle of it—a kind of great heap, and round the heap a depression. He also noticed that, as he talked to the nigger, the old man began rolling his eyes uneasily in the direction of the door. At last he said:—

"You not stay here much longer, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye" (lest) "Missus Alligator come."

"Why Alligator come here?" asks Mass' Charlie, wondering.

Then the old man showed him that the strange appearance on the floor of the hut was a nest of alligator eggs, and related how every day the mother came to see that her eggs were safe, and stayed in the hut taking no notice of its master.

"But if Missus Alligator not nyam" (eat) "you, she not nyam me," says Mass' Charlie.

"Dat not so, Mass' Charlie," replies the old nigger. "Missus Alligator she know me, but she not know you. Do you know why Missus Alligator she watch de eggs dem so careful? I tell you. Old Mister Alligator, de husband, he vairy bad fellow; he tink of nuffin all de while but how he fill his 'tomach. When he tink it 'bout time dat nest hatch out, he lie dere under de bank, vairy quiet, winking wiv his eyes. And when de little alligators come creeping out of de nest and tumbling into de river, he meet the picc'nies one after de oder with his great open mouth and swallow them all down, one, two, tree, twenty, firty, forty. Missus Alligator she not like dat, so when she tink de picc'nies soon hatch out, she make believe she want

to go up de river vairy fast. Mister Alligator ask why she in all dat hurry to go up de river dis marning. Missus Alligator say she hear tell dere some nice calves feeding in de meadow 'way beyond de *busha's* house, and she also believe de black ladies working in de cane-fields bring some little fat picc'nies and lay dem down where she ketch dem if she take pains. Den Mister Alligator he tell he like to take a walk with de missus dis marning and smell de sweet cane-trash and ketch her two, tree black picc'nies for her breakfast. Den he swim up de river with all his might; he in such a hurry he not stop to see whever de missus come along after. So de missus go back vairy quiet to de nest. Soon de little alligators come out one after de oder, and dey mother take dem to de water and show dem de way to go. So dey slip in, one, two, tree, twenty, firty, forty, and swim 'way down de river, so dey father not ketch dem.

"Now, I vairy sorry tell you, Mass' Charlie, dat Missus Alligator not always tell de trute. Poor Mister Alligator he not find de calves dem in de meadow beyond de *busha's* house, and he not find de black picc'nies in de cane-fields. So he come home with his 'tomach empty, and he tink he best lie down and keep his eye upon dat nest. At last he get vairy hungry, and he go see why de picc'nies dem not come down to de river. Well, he get to understand why dey not come, and den trute is, he say some vairy scampy words; yas, Mass' Charlie, it vairy pity Mister Alligator so 'busive. Missus Alligator's picc'nies not hatched out yet, and maybe he ketch dem dis time. But you not wait here, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye Missus Alligator come down de river."

FACT IN LITERATURE.

The invention of printing helped to destroy literature. Scribes, and memories not yet spoilt by over-cramming, preserved all the literature that was worth preserving. Books that had to be remembered by heart, or copied with slow, elaborate penmanship, were not thrown away on people who did not want them. They remained in the hands of people of taste. The first book pointed the way to the first newspaper, and a newspaper is a thing meant to be not only forgotten but destroyed. With the deliberate destruction of print, the respect for printed literature vanished, and a single term came to be used for the poem and for the "news item." What had once been an art for the few became a trade for the many, and, while in painting, in sculpture, in music, the mere fact of production means, for the most part, an attempt to produce a work of art, the function of written or printed words ceased to be necessarily more than what a Spanish poet has called "the jabber of the human animal." Unfortunately, words can convey facts; unfortunately, people in general have an ill-regulated but insatiable appetite for facts. Now music cannot convey facts at all; painting or sculpture can only convey fact through a medium which necessarily transforms it. But literature is tied by that which gives it wings. It can do, in a measure, all that can be done by the other arts, and it can speak where they can but make beautiful and expressive gestures. But it has this danger: that its paint, or clay, or crotchets and quavers, may be taken for the color, or form, or sound, and not as the ministrants of these things. Literature, in making its beautiful piece of work, has to use words and facts; these words, these facts, are

the common property of all the world, to whom they mean no more than what each individually says, before it has come to take on beautiful form through its adjustment in the pattern. So, while paints are of no use to the man who does not understand the science of their employment, nor clay, nor the notations of musical sound, to any but the trained artist, words may be used at will, and no literature follow, only something which many people will greatly prefer, and which they will all have the misfortune to understand.

There exist, then, under the vague title of literature, or without even the excuse of a stolen title, books which are not books, printed paper which has come from the rag-heap to return to the rag-heap, that nameless thing the newspaper, which can be likened only, and that at its best, to a printed phonograph. It is assumed that there is a reason in nature why the British shopkeeper should sit down after business hours, and read, for the price of a penny or a halfpenny, at five that a fire broke out at the other end of London at ten o'clock in the morning, and that a young lady of whom he has never heard was burned to death. But the matter is really of no importance to him, and there is no reason in nature why he should ever know anything at all about it. He has but put one more obstacle between himself and any rational conception of the meaning of his life, between himself and any natural happiness, between himself and any possible wisdom. Facts are difficult of digestion, and should be taken diluted, at infrequent intervals. They suit few constitutions when taken whole, and none when taken indiscriminately. The worship of fact is a wholly mod-

ern attitude of mind, and it comes together with a worship of what we call science. True science is a kind of poetry, it is a divination, an imaginative reading of the universe. What we call science is an engine of material progress, it teaches us how to get most quickly to the other end of the world, and how to kill the people there in the most precise and economic manner. The function of this kind of science is to extinguish wonder, whereas the true science deepens our sense of wonder as it enlightens every new tract of the enveloping darkness.

The excuse for existence offered by the newspaper, and of every other form of printed matter which does not aim at some artistic end, is that it conveys fact, and that fact is indispensable. But, after all, what is fact? "For poetry," says Matthew Arnold, "the idea is everything, the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotions to the idea; the

idea is the fact." Let it be granted that some kind of fact is indispensable to every man; to one man one kind of idea is fact, to another man another; and there remain those to whom fact is really the news of the newspaper. But, even to these, it must be this fact and not that, and certainly not a deluge of any.

Reported speech, for that is what literature is when it is not the musical notation of song, has become more and more a marketable product. It is not paid for, as even the worst picture is paid for, on account of some imagined artistic merit (a picture being always "pretty to look at") but because it satisfies curiosity. If the artist in literature chooses to throw in beauty, when he is asked only to answer a question, the beauty is not always rejected along with the answer. But the answer will be considered, at the best, a little unsatisfactory; because a plain man wants a plain answer.

The Saturday Review.

Arthur Symons.

OLD AGE.

To say that all men desire old age and yet that most of them grumble when it comes sounds like the answer to a conundrum. It is rather a truth which the moralist carefully studies and relegates to the proper position in his system. Doubtless Methuselah philosophized on old age when himself was 900 years old, made the ordinary good resolutions, which the old always do, and was surprised when sixty-nine years afterwards the end came. So slowly does age creep over us, that it is something of a shock to find ourselves even at the beginning of old age. Our faculties appear as sound as ever, our taste for life and its varied occupations and pleasures as keen, our

schemes and hopes as eagerly cherished, but there is a scarcely perceptible languor in the frame, the limbs are stiffer than they used to be, slight shades of silver and gray show themselves in the hair. Even then no one suspects old age. At length a man hears someone say irreverently of him, "Old So-and-so" said, or did, such and such a thing. Then there can be no doubt. The shades are beginning to deepen. It is as well to look into matters, learn in what spirit old age must be welcomed, and what prospects a reasonable man has of finishing the work he has set himself to accomplish in this world.

No moralist, whether in ancient or

recent times, has dwelt so beautifully and with so much common sense upon old age as Cicero. Every scholar remembers his famous aphorisms with regard to it; "Naturam optimam ducem tanquam Deum sequimur," and again, "Aptissima omnino sunt arma senectutis artes exercitationesque virtutum." Theology reserves her teachings naturally for the pulpit, and warns off men from expecting the future in this world, a time which may never be granted. Serious thoughts spring forth with a religious man in due order, like the full-blown rose from its bud. The ordinary man, however, is wise if he makes betimes a gradual preparation, even in worldly matters, for old age. Settled habits must be cautiously laid aside. A man, for instance, who has been wont all his life to read more or less late into the night should innovate slowly. Any change may affect the digestion or the power of sleep. Outdoor sports, again, must be carefully indulged. It may be a question, save with a strong man, whether it were not safer to give up hunting and shooting, at least to prosecute them with much discretion. The proper sports for an old man are golf and fishing, and even the latter recreation must be used with fitting caution. It may seriously affect the heart, if it does not directly cause gout and rheumatism. A sensible person will relax his bodily efforts and be contented with less exercise than he required in earlier life; gradually dissociate yourself from, but do not wholly banish, the favorite amusements of manhood—such seems the best advice to give with regard to this aspect of old age.

The greatest and most becoming help in old age is undoubtedly literature. "Nihil est otiosa senectute jucundius." In this leisureable state of mind the old man betakes himself with renewed zest to the poets and prose writers

which formed his youth and manhood. He finds new beauties and fresh graces in every favorite author. It may be that he takes up his own pen and delights his contemporaries with ripe wisdom and chastened language, the fruits of long observation and wide experience. What then matter

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new?

On the sunny garden seat, or by the winter hearth, he can summon the wit and the sage from every country and period to take counsel with him, and by their wise sentiments add to his own store of knowledge. Plato's pictures of old age often dwell upon these characteristics. Thus, Cephalus, sitting with a garland round his head discoursing of the advantages of old age, is a charming idyll. "It is not old age," he says, "but men's dispositions which render old age bearable or the reverse. If their tempers are mild and easily contented, old age brings men no more troubles than will youth." A landscape which is a perfect gem at the beginning of the "Laws," "on the road from Gnosus to the cave and temple of Zeus," forms an exquisite background for the aged sages of that dialogue to converse on many moral and political subjects.¹ Just as the stag and eagle renew their youth, so old men find their pulses quicken and their intellects stimulated by such discourses as Reynolds, Boswell and Johnson might have exchanged with each other in "The Club;" nay, as we know from Bozzy himself, they did indulge in. A very sensible answer was that of Gorgias, when asked how he had managed to grow old so pleasantly and so full of observation: "I have never," said he,

¹ De Republica, l. 830; Leges, l. 651.

"been wont to do anything for the sake of pleasure."

Cicero sums up the four disabilities of old age: that it calls us away from active life, makes the frame weaker, deprives us of almost all our pleasures, and is but a step distant at any time from death. A man of the world would still dread these accompaniments of advanced life, but Christian teaching possesses a sure defence against their power. Nowadays a man decries old age mainly because it leaves him alone in the world, relatives and friends having gradually fallen off from him. Loss of memory, too, oppresses a man, especially if he be a scholar. In other respects old age has brought him judgment, sympathy and love. Home pleasures, and especially those derived from a flower garden, as opposed to the only garden Cicero or Virgil's Corycian old man knew much of—a kitchen garden—are always grateful to old age. Calm and illumined like a Lapland night is the model old man's ending. Envy, hatred and other disturbing passions are conspicuously absent. He has schooled himself into peace and submission and at threescore years and ten death comes to him as a friend.

If they are wise, old men will consort as much as possible with the young, in order to keep their intelligence bright and flexible like a Damascus sword-blade, and to maintain an abundant crop of sympathies. Young men will similarly find it advantageous to associate largely with the old. Thus will they be preparing themselves for old age, and, if their aged friends be sensible and good-natured, their own experience of life cannot but increase. Old age, indeed, cannot away with the strong meats and drinks which are in a way natural at young men's feasts. Cicero again has some useful and pointed remarks on the dietary of old age, on the "*pocula minuta atque rorantia*" which best become it. Ex-

ercise both bodily and mental is beneficial to old age. The love of a garden, to insist upon it again, always cheers and pleases old age, as may be seen from Laertes to Canon Beadon. Old Parr and Jenkins seem indeed to have grown to their great age mechanically, as it were. As a general rule for a happy old age every faculty of body and soul ought to be exercised, but not so much as to fatigue them. This is the great difficulty to be guarded against in a healthy age. Every kind of irregularity is thus to be avoided. Small wonder that the good things of the Court killed old Parr.

One of the latest authorities to philosophize on old age was the late Master of Balliol. All who had the happiness of knowing him can imagine how dispassionately and with what an evenly balanced judgment he would treat so familiar a subject. "I always mean to cherish the illusion," he says, "which is not an illusion, that the last years of life are the most valuable and important; and every year I shall try in some way or other to do more than the year before." He goes on to explain that at about fifty-five years of age the memory begins to fail. Efforts of thought or feeling ought then to be avoided. "Repose is the natural state of memory."

In wise words the Master writes to Lady Stanley: "I ask you not to think it an affectation if I say that the later years of life appear to me from a certain point of view to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world; we begin to understand that things never did really matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. We cannot see into

another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while adding his apothegms on Old Age; they are full of hints for the old, and abound in practical wisdom:—

"1. Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

"2. A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

"3. A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life.

"4. He should collect the young about him, though he will find probably in them an inclination to disregard his opinion, for he belongs to another generation, and 'crabbed age and youth cannot dwell together.'

"5. He should set other men to work.

"6. He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

"7. He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best, and every year as better than the last, if he knows how to use it.

"8. He should surround himself with the pictures, books, subjects in which he takes an interest and which he desires to remember."

Old age, then, resembles any other fragment of human life; it is a process of natural growth, cannot be avoided, and is always defied at a man's own peril. He has it largely at his own command whether advancing years shall leave him as a Nestor or a Ther-sites. Hence the necessity for preparation during youth and manhood for an orderly, and therefore a happy, Old Age. Its philosophy appeals to all.

* Jowett, *Life and Letters*, II. p. 322.

• *Ibid.*, p. 79.

Each person's idiosyncrasy will suggest one of the two great methods of spending old age, whether in the serene enjoyment of the country and the tastes it engenders, or amid the society of friends and acquaintances and the eager hurrying life of a great city. Perhaps a judicious participation in the pleasures of each in turn is the wiser prescription for sensible old age. A man rusts out in the country, charming though the process be to certain minds; he loses in the other much of the leisure which is so necessary to a well-spent old age. Whatever a man does, however, let him realize that there is yet a call for his energies to be utilized. He may leave a fragrant memory behind him and be sure that the good is not always interred with his bones. The best monument is the world's respect. And the inevitable end should never be forestalled either bodily or intellectually. So long as the faculties are mercifully spared,

Old age hath yet his honor and his toll;
Death closes all, but something ere the
end,

Some work of noble note may yet be
done.

A good conscience and the approbation of the world are the best secular comforts for what, after all, needs no comforting, but possesses its own pleasures and its own consolations. Let the wise man go forth into the dark valley upheld by Thankfulness and Love. At a certain point religion and morality touch. Then it behooves the latter, where old age is concerned, to lay her hand upon her mouth and be still.

M. G. Watkins.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Boastful our age! Full-sailed and wisdom-blown,
 Adventurous we seek the happy isle
 For ever sought! and fondly vaunt
 the while
 Only to us the chart of truth is shown,
 And stars espying, fashion some new
 name
 For suns that burn eternally the
 same.

He named Life's star. And his no borrowed sight
 Through wakened ages, and of lesser eyes.
 Around him and above lay swart the
 skies
 Of unplumbed ignorance and speechless night;
 Not outer dark that inner orb could
 dim—
 His was the vision blest of cherubim.

Type of the enduring Good in change-
 ful man,
 Not we, but searching Time records
 him "Great"—
 The strenuous chief of a strong-sin-
 ewed clan,
 Unstained by passion and unquelled
 by fate.

Edith Empsall.

The Academy.

SONG.

When pallid Dawn comes up the sky,
 And day and night for moments
 brief
 Touch hands and lips, the waking sea
 Bethinks her of some ancient grief.

Haggard and wrinkled, gray and grim,
 She moans the burden of her care,
 The ghost of that wild thing that leapt
 By day the wind's wild sport to
 share.

Belike the voices of the dead,
 Tossed in her boundless charnel
 caves
 Since man's first ship was drawn to
 death,
 Haunt her above her beating waves.

Or else there presses on her heart
 The weight of immemorial age,
 Before the sun brings back to mind
 Her youth's eternal heritage.

Walter Hogg.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY.

The men that live in the South Coun-
 try
 Are the kindest and most wise,
 They get their laughter from the loud
 surf,
 And the faith in their happy eyes
 Comes surely from our Sister the
 Spring
 When over the sea she flies;
 The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
 And she blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines,
 But I smell the Sussex air,
 Nor I never come on a belt of sand
 But my home is there;
 And along the sky the line of the
 downs
 So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
 Nor a broken thing mend;
 And I fear I shall be all alone
 When I get towards the end.
 Who will there be to comfort me
 Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my
 friends
 Of the men of the Sussex weald,
 They watch the stars from silent folds,
 They stiffly plough the field.
 By them and the God of the South
 Country
 My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
 Or if ever I grow to be old,
 I will build a house with deep thatch
 To shelter me from the cold,
 And there shall the Sussex songs be
 sung,
 And the story of 'Sussex told.

I will build my house in the high wood
 Within a walk of the sea,
 And the men that were boys when I
 was a boy
 Shall sit and drink with me.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

OCTOBER 5, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE OATH.*

Mary was already at the window; the shutters were pushed back, and the sweet night air blew through the broken pane upon her face. The heavy sliding shutter caught as she tried to stir it, and she saw that the moving crowd had come close about the house. At the sight of her figure they gave an angry roar; there were musket shots and a great racket of noise. "Come out, come out," they cried, "and take the oath!"

"So the mob has come already," said Madam Wallingford calmly, and rose from her seat. "Then I must go down. Is it a great company?"

"I could not have believed so many men were left," answered Mary bitterly. "They should be fighting other battles!" she protested, trembling with sudden rage. "Where go you, Madam?" for Madam Wallingford was hurrying from the room. As she threw open the door all the frightened people of the household were huddled close outside; they fell upon their knees about her and burst into loud lamentations. They pressed as near their mistress as they could; it was old Rodney and Susan who had kept the others from bursting into the room.

"Silence among ye!" said Madam Wallingford. "I shall do what I can,

my poor people. I am going down to speak to these foolish men."

"They have come to rob us and murder us!" wailed the women.

"Rodney, you will go before me and unbar the door!" commanded the mistress. "Susan shall stay here. Quiet this childishness! I would not have such people as these think that we lack courage."

She went down the wide staircase as if she were a queen, and Mary her maid of honor. Rodney was for hanging back from those who pounded to demand entrance, and needed an angry gesture before he took the great bar down and flung the door wide open. Then Madam Wallingford stepped forward as if to greet her guests with dignity, and Mary was only a step behind. There was a bon-fire lit before the house, and all the portraits along the panelled hall seemed to come alive in the blazing light that shone in, and to stand behind the two women like a guard.

"What do you wish to say to me?" asked Madam Wallingford.

"The oath! the oath!" they cried, "or get you hence!" and there was a shaking of firebrands, and the heads pressed closer about the door.

"You are Sons of Liberty, and yet you forbid liberty to others," said the old gentlewoman in her clear voice. "I have wronged none of you." For very sight of her age and bravery, and

* *The Tory Lover*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

because she was so great a lady, they fell silent; and then a heavy stone, thrown from the edge of the crowd, struck the lintel of the door beside her.

"Is there no man among you whom you will choose to speak fairly with me, to tell your errand and whence you come?"

"We are some of us from Christian Shore, and some are Dover men, and some of us are men of your own town," answered a pale, elderly man, with the face of a fanatic; he had been a preacher of wild doctrines in the countryside, and was ever a disturber of peace. "We want no Royalists among us, we want no abettors of George the Third; there's a bill now to proscribe ye and stop your luxury and pride. We want no traitors and spies, neither, to betray the cause of the oppressed. You and your son have played a deep game; he has betrayed our cause, and the penalty must fall."

There was a shout of approval; the mob was only too ready to pour into the house.

"My son has put his name to your oath, and you know that he has not broken it, if some of you are indeed men of our own town," said the mother proudly, and they all heard her speak. "I can promise that this is true. Cannot you wait to hear the truth about him, or is it only to rob us and make a night of revel you have come? Do not pay sin with sin, if you must hold those to be sinners who are Loyalists like me!"

"Burn the old nest!" cried an impatient voice. "She may be hiding some King's men—who knows? Stop her prating, and let's to business; we are done with their royalties," and the crowd pushed hard. They forced the two women and old Rodney back into the hall; and at the sound of heavy treading all the women on the stair above fell to shrieking.

Mary put herself before Madam Wal-

lingford for safety's sake, and held up her hand. "Stop, stop!" she begged them. "Let me first take my friend away. I am Mary Hamilton, and you all know my brother. I ask you in his name to let us go in peace."

Her sorrowful face and her beauty for one instant held some of them irresolute, but from the back of the crowd a great pressure urged the rest forward. There was a little hush, and one man cried, "Yes, let them go!" but the wild and lawless, who were for crowding in, would not have it so. It was a terrible moment, like the sight of coming Death. There was a crash; the women were overpowered and flung back against the wall.

Suddenly there was a new confusion, a heavier din, and some unexpected obstacle to this onset; all at once a loud, familiar voice went to Mary's heart. She was crouching with her arms close about her old friend, to shield her from bruises and rough handling as the men pushed by; in the same moment there were loud outcries of alarm without. What happened next in the hall seemed like the hand of Heaven upon their enemies. Old Major Tilly Haggens was there in the midst, with others behind him, dealing stout blows among those who would sack the house. Outside on their horses were Judge Chadbourne and General Goodwin, who had ridden straight into the mob, and with them a little troop of such authorities as could be gathered, constables and tithing men; and old Elder Shackley in his scarlet cloak, Parson Pike and Mr. Rollins, his chief parishioner, were all there, too. They rode among the brawling men as if they were but bushes, and turned their good horses before the house. The crowd quick lost its solid look; it now had to confront those who were not defenceless.

"We are Patriots and Sons of Liberty, all of us who are here!" shouted the

minister, in a fine, clear voice. "We are none of us, old or young, for the King, but we will not see a Christian gentlewoman and kind neighbor made to suffer in such wise as this. Nor shall you do vengeance upon her son until there is final proof of his guilt."

"We can beat these old parsons!" shouted an angry voice. "To it, lads! We are three to their one!" But the elderly men on horseback held their own; most of them were taught in the old school of fighting, and had their ancient swords well in hand, ready for use with all manly courage. Major Tilly Haggens still fought as a foot soldier in the hall; his famous iron fist was doing work worthy of those younger days when he was called the best boxer and wrestler in the plantations. He came forth now, sweeping the most persistent before him out of the house.

"I'll learn ye to strike a poor lame old man like me! Ye are no honest Patriots, but a pack of thieves and blackguards! The worst pest of these colonies!" he cried, with sound blows to right and left for emphasis. He laid out one foe after another on the soft grass as on a bed, until there was no one left to vanquish, and his own scant breath had nearly left his body. The trampling horses had helped their riders' work, and were now for neighing and rearing and taking to their heels. The town constable was bawling his official threats, as he held one of the weaker assailants by the collar and pounded the poor repentant creature's back. It had suddenly turned to a scene of plain comedy, and the mob was nothing but a rabble of men and boys, all running for shelter, such as could still run, and disappearing down toward the river shore.

The old judge got stiffly from his tall Narragansett pacer, and came into the hall.

"Madam Wallingford's friends stop here to-night," he told the old servant,

who appeared from some dark corner. Poor Rodney was changed to such an ashen color that he looked very strange, and as if he had rubbed phosphorus to his frightened eyes. "You may tell your mistress and Miss Hamilton that there is no more danger for the present," added the judge. "I shall set a watch about the house till daylight."

Major Haggens was panting for breath, and leaned his great weight heavily against the wainscoting. "I am near an apoplexy," he groaned faintly. "Rodney, I hope I killed some of those devils! You may bring me a little water, and qualify it with some of Madam's French brandy of the paler sort. Stay; you must help me get to the dining parlor myself, and I'll consider the spirit-case. Too violent a portion would be my death; 'twould make a poor angel of me, Rodney!"

Early in the morning Judge Chadbourne and his neighbor Squire Hill, a wise and prudent man, went out to take the morning air before the house. They were presently summoned by Madam Wallingford, and spoke with her in her chamber. The broken glass of the window still glistened on the floor; even at sunrise the day was so mild that there was no chill, but the guests were struck by something desolate in the room, even before they caught sight of their lady's face.

"I must go away, my good friends," she declared quietly, after she had thanked them for their service. "I must not put my friends in peril," she added, "but I am sure of your kind advice in my sad situation."

"We wait upon you to say that it would be best, Madam," said the judge plainly. "I hear that New Hampshire as well as Massachusetts has an act of great severity in consideration against the presence or return of Loyalists, and I fear that you would run too much risk by staying here. If you should be

proscribed and your estates confiscated, as I fear may be done in any case, you are putting your son's welfare in peril as well as your own. If he still be living now, though misfortunes have overtaken him, and he has kept faith, as we who knew him must still believe, these estates which you hold for him in trust are not in danger; if the facts are otherwise"—and the old justice looked at her, but could not find it in his heart to go on.

Madam Wallingford sat pondering, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and was for some time lost in the gravest thoughts.

"What is this oath?" she asked at last, and her cheeks whitened as she put the question.

The judge turned to Mr. Hill, and, without speaking, that gentleman took a folded paper from among some documents which he wore in his pocket, and rose to hand it to the lady.

"Will you read it to me?" she asked again; and he read the familiar oath of allegiance in a steady voice, and not without approval in his tone:—

"I do acknowledge the United States of America to be free, independent and sovereign states, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office . . . which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding."

As he finished, he looked at the listener for assent, as was his habit, and Judge Chadbourne half rose, in his eagerness; everything was so simple

and so easy if she would take the oath. She was but a woman—the oath was made for men; but she was a great landholder, and all the country looked to her. She was the almoner of her own wealth and her husband's, and 'twere better she stood here in her lot and place.

"I cannot sign this," she said abruptly. "Is that the oath that Roger, my son, has taken?"

"The same, Madam," answered Mr. Hill, with a disappointed look upon his face, and there was silence in the room.

"I must make me ready to go," said Madam Wallingford at last, and the tears stood deep in her eyes. "But if my son gave his word, he will keep his word. I shall leave my trust and all his fortunes in your hands, and you may choose some worthy gentlemen from this side the river to stand with you. The papers must be drawn in Portsmouth. I shall send a rider down at once with a message, and by night I shall be ready to go myself to town. I must ask if you and your colleagues will meet me there at my house. . . . You must both carry my kind farewells to my Barwick friends. As for me"—and her voice broke for the first time—"I am but a poor remainder of the past that cannot stand against a mighty current of change. I knew last night that it would come to this. I am an old woman to be turned out of my home, and yet I tell you the truth, that I go gladly, since the only thing I can hope for now is to find my son. You see I am grown frail and old, but there is something in my heart that makes me hope. . . . I have no trace of my son, but he was left near to death, and must now be among enemies, by reason of having been upon the ship. No, no, I shall not sign your oath; take it away with you, good friends!" she cried bitterly. Then she put out her weak hands to them, and

a pathetic, broken look came upon her face.

"'Twas most brotherly, what you did for me last night, dear friends. You must thank the other gentlemen who were with you. I ask your affection-

ate remembrance in the sad days that come; you shall never fail of my prayers."

And so they left her standing in the early sunshine of her chamber, and went away sorrowful.

BUDDHA'S EAR PRECIPICE.*

Hua Ling Ping stands upon a flat-topped, quadrangular cliff, the walls, as is often the case in Chinese mountain towns, carried out to the edge and forming a crown to the cliff. We entered into a broad street parade ground, or market-place—we did not find out which—and then turned off into the narrow main street, where we put up at a plain, unpretentious, but perfectly comfortable inn. We had made 75 mountain li, and had descended to 7000 feet. Here we met our first Lama, in a gown of old gold, covered by a cloak of crimson felt, and realized that we were now really on the Thibetan border.

The houses here are roofed with loose planks weighted with stones, so that it probably can blow here in winter, still as the air generally is in summer. Off in the cool morning, with the thermometer at sixty degrees, down a very steep crumbling path of loose shale, upon which it was not easy to keep one's footing. The path was very narrow, very steep, of crumbling shale, and broken up by landslides in all directions—down 2500 feet, along, sometimes high above, sometimes close alongside of, the ruddy, ever widening stream, and on to its junction with the mighty Tung, which we reached again after a fortnight's absence. We are

now little over 4000 feet above the sea—we last stood on the banks of the Tung at Kin Kou Ho, 1700 feet above the sea; thus the Tung falls 2500 feet in about 100 miles. A road cut in the cliffs which line its banks would give an easy, gradual ascent instead of the three high passes of over 9000 feet, besides innumerable lesser ones, which we have come over. We crossed the many channels of the wide delta of the stream—two or three square miles of big red, white and green boulders, a mile or so above the town of Sheng Chen, perched on a high flat composed of rocky *detritus* in the angle formed by the left bank of the Tung and that of its affluent. One of the customary temporary bridges, formed of a couple of young fir-trees, propped on a pile of boulders at each end, rendered the main channel just passable; our pony was driven into the torrent by the men and urged to scramble through with shouts and missiles, thoroughly soaking the Chinese saddle and saddle-cloth, which they had neglected to remove. On reaching the opposite bank, a steep ascent of about 200 feet landed us on the top of a cliff overlooking the Tung, up the left bank of which our course now lay. The Tung here was a rushing body of milky, semi-transparent water, fully 100 yards wide, and, I should judge, 20 feet deep, and flowing with a seven-knot current. The narrow path follows the edge of the

* Mount Omi and Beyond: A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border. By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. Copyright, 1901. William Heinemann.

cliff overhanging the torrent, and as the animals usually carry packs, they have a habit of bearing away from the inside wall and walking on the extreme edge, which is appalling until at last one gets confidence in their sure-footedness. We made a hasty tiffin by the wayside, being anxious not to travel such roads by dusk, when, upon rounding a dangerous corner, high up above the river, a most extraordinary sight met our astonished gaze. The corner we had rounded formed the edge of a sort of recess, apparently scooped out by the river in the mountain side, about 200 feet back, and in a spot where the usual hard rock gave place to softer shale. A huge whirlpool filled the foot of the recess which it was now occupied in enlarging; but its waste was being replaced by a steady fall of rock from above. For at the back of the recess a "mud" fall tumbled over the cliff, here, perhaps, a thousand feet high, bringing down with it a constant stream of rocks which bounded over the narrow foot-way and thence down the lower slope with a splash into the boiling river. We sat down on the rock at the corner and watched the spectacle entranced. We had been foretold all sorts of impossible dangers, especially since the heavy rains, not excepting the famous Luting Suspensien bridge, the alleged fear of which led one of our Chung King chair-coolies to give up the journey; but we were not prepared for running the gauntlet of such a cannonade as this. So we sat down and gazed. Is it possible, we said, that this phenomenon is constant, and, if so, how is the supply kept up? Never having seen anything of the kind in our previous experience of mountainous countries, we should much have liked to climb up the mountain side, had it been possible, and thoroughly investigate the source of this extraordinary stream which flowed on so

steadily with a calm persistence that entirely fascinated our gaze. But, unfortunately, we were not explorers in the real sense of the term, and could not afford to loiter by the way and miss our daily stages. Presently some coolies came along, and we watched with intense interest to see how they would proceed. The path was not a foot wide, and, in fact, only retained as a path at all by the traffic over it, by which a way was trodden in the shaly slope as fast as it dribbled away. A big rock lined the inside of the track on one side of the fall, and under the lee of this the men crouched, watched for an exceptionally heavy shower, and then, when this was over, made a bolt for it. This manoeuvre was methodically repeated by each individual, who was greeted by the laughter of his companions as he successfully ran the gauntlet. The stones were all angular, and varied in size from that of a walnut to a pumpkin, while the great height from which they fell rendered them doubly dangerous. We sat nearly an hour watching before we made up our minds to venture on, and should certainly not then have had the courage to do so had we not seen the natives pass with impunity. So we went on and stood under the sheltering rock on the very edge of this novel cascade. The muddy, stone-laden stream made a loud, rattling, grating noise as it carried the smaller stones along with it in its hurried course: the larger rock fragments came bounding down in huge leaps as they crashed by. Waiting for a bigger mass than usual to go by, the run was made and we all got safely over. It was literally a rock cascade, for there was very little water in the stream, and that quite shallow. Our pony jumped across without any difficulty, but our invaluable watchdog, Jack, got panic-struck as he felt the ground moving under his feet, and crouched down. I was behind, and so

able to catch him up and save him from a watery or even worse demise.

This curious spot is known as "Feuer Ngai" or "Buddha's Ear Precipice." A small temple is niched into the rocks at one corner of the recess, where the pious people solicit protection, every natural phenomenon being supposed to be in charge of a local deity. Thus we

find shrines cut out of the rock at nearly every rapid in the many rivers of Szechuan, to which the passing boatmen seldom fail to pay their devotions; if lives are lost notwithstanding, as often happens, it is a case of divine retribution, in the infallible action of which no people believe more firmly than do the Chinese.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE B. & A.*

Oakley took the satchel from General Cornish's hand as the latter stepped from his private car.

"You got my note, I see," he said. "I think I'll go to the hotel for the rest of the night.

He glanced back over his shoulder, as he turned with Dan towards the bus which was waiting for them at the end of the platform.

"I guess no one else got off here. It's not much of a railroad centre."

"No," agreed Oakley, impartially; "there are places where the traffic is heavier."

Arrived at the hotel, Oakley led the way upstairs to the General's room. It adjoined his own. Cornish paused on the threshold until he had lighted the gas.

"Light the other burner, will you?" he requested. "There, thanks, that's better."

He lurched down solidly into the chair Oakley placed for him. "I hope you are comfortable here," he said kindly.

"Oh yes." He still stood.

"Sit down," said Cornish. "I don't, as a rule, believe in staying up after

midnight to talk business, but I must start East to-morrow."

He slipped out of his chair and began to pace the floor, with his hands thrust deep in his trousers-pockets. "I want to talk over the situation here. I don't see that the road is ever going to make a dollar. I've an opportunity to sell it to the M. & W. Of course this is extremely confidential. It must not go any further. I am told they will discontinue it beyond this point, and of course they will either move the shops away or close them." He paused in his rapid walk. "It's too bad it never paid. It was the first thing I did when I came West. I thought it a pretty big thing then. I have always hoped it would justify my judgment, and it promised to for a while until the lumber interests played out. Now what do you advise, Oakley? I want to get your ideas. You understand, if I sell I won't lose much. The price offered will just about meet the mortgage I hold, but I guess the stockholders will come out at the little end of the horn."

Oakley understood exactly what was ahead of the stockholders if the road changed hands. Perhaps his face showed that he was thinking of this, for the general observed, charitably:

"It's unfortunate, but you can't mix sentiment in a transaction of this sort.

* The Manager of the B. & A. By Vaughan Kester. Copyright, 1901. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.

I'd like to see them all get their money back, and more, too."

His mental attitude towards the world was one of generous liberality, but he had such excellent control over his impulses that, while he always seemed about to embark in some large philanthropy, he had never been known to take even the first step in that direction. In short, he was hard and unemotional, but with a deceptive, unswerving kindness of manner, which while it had probably never involved a dollar of his riches, had at divers times cost the unwary and the indiscreet much money.

No man presided at the board meetings of a charity with an air of larger benevolence, and no man drove closer or more conscienceless bargains. His friends knew better than to trust him—a precaution they observed in common with his enemies.

"I am sure the road could be put on a paying basis," said Oakley. "Certain quite possible economies would do that. Of course we can't create business; there is just so much of it, and we get it all as it is. But the shops might be made very profitable. I have secured a good deal of work for them, and I shall secure more. I had intended to propose a number of reforms, but if you are going to sell, why, there's no use of going into the matter—" he paused.

The general meditated in silence for a moment.

"I'd hate to sacrifice my interests if I thought you could even make the road pay expenses. Now, just what do you intend to do?"

"I'll get my order-book and show you what's been done for the shops," said Oakley, rising with alacrity. I have figured out the changes, too, and you can see at a glance just what I propose doing."

The road and the shops employed some five hundred men, most of whom

had their homes in Antioch. Oakley knew that if the property was sold it would practically wipe the town out of existence. The situation was full of interest for him. If Cornish approved, and told him to go ahead with his reforms, it would be an opportunity such as he had never known.

He went into his own room, which opened off Cornish's, and got his order-book and table of figures, which he had carried up from the office that afternoon.

They lay on the stand with a pile of trade journals. For the first time in his life he viewed these latter with an unfriendly eye. He thought of Constance Emory, and realized that he should never again read and digest the annual report of the Joint Traffic Managers' Association with the same sense of intellectual fulness it had hitherto given him. No, clearly, that was a pleasure he had outgrown.

He had taken a great deal of pains with his figures, and they seemed to satisfy Cornish that the road, if properly managed, was not such a hopeless proposition after all. Something might be done with it.

Oakley rose in his good esteem; he had liked him, and he was justifying his good opinion. He beamed benevolently on the young man, and thawed out of his habitual reserve into a genial, ponderous frankness.

"You have done well," he said, glancing through the order-book with evident satisfaction.

"Of course," explained Oakley, "I am going to make a cut in wages this spring, if you agree to it, but I haven't the figures for this yet." The general nodded. He approved of cuts on principle.

"That's always a wise move," he said. "Will they stand it?"

"They'll have to." And Oakley laughed rather nervously. He appreciated that his reforms were likely to

make him very unpopular in Antioch. "They shouldn't object. If the road changes hands it will kill their town."

"I suppose so," agreed Cornish, indifferently.

"And half a loaf is lots better than no bread," added Oakley. Again the general nodded his approval. That was the very pith and Gospel of his financial code, and he held it as greatly to his own credit that he had always been perfectly willing to offer half-loaves.

"What sort of shape is the shop in?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Very good on the whole."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I spent over a hundred thousand on the plant originally."

"Of course, the equipment can hardly be called modern, but it will do for the sort of work for which I am bidding," Oakley explained.

"Well, it will be an interesting problem for a young man, Oakley. If you pull the property up it will be greatly to your credit. I was going to offer you another position, but we will let that go over for the present. I am very much pleased, though, with all you have done, very much pleased, indeed. I go abroad in about two weeks. My youngest daughter is to be married in London to the Earl of Minchester." The title rolled glibly from the great man's lips. "So you'll have the fight, if it is a fight, all to yourself. I'll see that Holloway does what you say. He's the only one you'll have to look to in my absence, but you won't be able to count on him for anything; he gets limp in a crisis. Just don't make the mistake of asking his advice."

"I'd rather have no advice," interrupted Dan, hastily, "unless it's yours," he added.

"I'll see that you're not bothered. You are the sort of fellow who will do better with a free hand, and that is what I intend you shall have."

"Thank you," said Oakley, his heart warming with the other's praise.

"I shall be back in three months, and then, if your schemes have worked out at all as we expect, why, we can consider putting the property in better shape."—A part of Oakley's plan.—"As you say, it's gone down so there won't be much but the right of way presently."

"I hope that eventually there'll be profits," said Oakley, whose mind was beginning to reach out into the future.

"I guess the stockholders will drop dead if we ever earn a dividend. That's the last thing they're looking forward to," remarked Cornish, dryly. "Will you leave a six-thirty call at the office for me? I forgot, and I must take the first train."

Oakley had gathered up his order-book and papers. The general was already fumbling with his cravat and collar.

"I am very well satisfied with your plan, and I believe you have the ability to carry it out."

He threw aside his coat and vest, and sat down to take off his shoes. "Don't saddle yourself with too much work. Keep enough of an office force to save yourself wherever you can. I think, if orders continue to come in as they have been doing, the shops promise well. It just shows what a little energy will accomplish."

"With judicious nursing in the start there should be plenty of work for us, and we are well equipped to handle it."

"Yes," agreed Cornish. "A lot of money was spent on the plant. I wanted it just right."

"I can't understand why more hasn't been done with the opportunity here."

"I've never been able to find the proper man to take hold till I found you, Oakley. You have given me a better insight into conditions than I have had at any time since I built the

road, and it ain't such a bad proposition, after all, especially the shops." The general turned out the gas as he spoke, and Oakley, as he stood in the doorway of his own room, saw dimly a white figure moving in the direction of the bed.

"I'd figure close on all repair work. The thing is to get them into the habit of coming to us. Don't forget the call, please. Six-thirty, sharp."

The slats creaked and groaned beneath his weight. "Good-night."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The autumn list of A. C. McClurg & Co. includes twenty-five titles, eleven of which are books of fiction.

Harper & Bros. are the American publishers of the life of Queen Victoria by the Duke of Argyll, formerly the Marquis of Lorne.

The autumn announcements show that the stream of historical romance has not ceased to flow, but it is at least diminishing in volume.

Little, Brown & Co. are publishing this season a "Pocket Balzac" in Miss Wormeley's translation, and from the same plates as the earlier edition, but upon thinner paper, which makes the volumes of convenient pocket size.

Both the editorial and the business offices of "The New England Magazine" have been removed to New York, which seems rather anomalous. The September number, which appears in a blue-and-white cover, has an unfamiliar look. The table of contents suggests a purpose, on the part of the new management, to broaden the scope of the magazine, while retaining its distinctive New England flavor.

Not the witchcraft agitation but the struggle for the Massachusetts charter is the real historical background for the story of love and adventure which

R. F. Fenno & Co. publish, under the title "When a Witch is Young." The writer, who conceals his identity under the symbols "4-19-69," has woven together an ingenious succession of somewhat lurid incidents in a style to interest many readers.

A single month's instalment of fiction from the press of L. C. Page & Co. includes "Captain Ravenshaw" by Robert Neilson Stephens; "Her Washington Experiences" by Anna Farquhar, author of "Her Boston Experiences;" "Back to the Soil" by Bradley Gilman; "My Strangest Case" by Guy Boothby; "Jarvis of Harvard" by R. W. Kaufmann; and "A Gentlewoman of the Slums" by Annie Wakeman.

The announcement that Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from the public service in England and has been granted a Civil List pension is widely welcomed, from the promise which it seems to afford of more contributions to literature. It would be a pity if so delightful a writer were doomed to perpetual clerical work at his desk. Mr. Dobson entered the Board of Trade in 1856, at the age of sixteen, and has remained there ever since.

A new novel by the author of that much-talked-of book, "The Little Grey Sheep," would attract attention even

if its scene were not laid in the country most fascinating of all to foreigners to-day. In "Marna's Mutiny" Mrs. Hugh Fraser tells the love-story of the bright and dashing daughter of a Scandinavian consul stationed in one of the Japanese ports. The social atmosphere reminds one rather oppressively at times of Simla, but the natural scenery is charming, and Mrs. Fraser describes it *con amore*. The dialogue is well-managed and the narrative full of incident and variety, and there is much shrewd and caustic comment by the way. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Readers who are beginning to tire of the romantic novel, while they still crave some other ingredient in their fiction than dialect, poverty and problems, can always trust themselves to Ellen Olney Kirk with calm confidence. Writing in an easy, pleasant style of well-dressed and well-bred people, she uses her accessories effectively but not obtrusively, keeps her plots on the safe side of the sensational line, and redeems them from triviality by just the right infusion of seriousness. "Our Lady Vanity," the study of New York social life which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published, is as readable a story as the season is likely to offer. The drawing of the central character—a woman clever, charming, selfish and unscrupulous—is a remarkably good piece of work, though the figure of the father-in-law whose hard-won millions sustain her splendors is perhaps even more striking.

To their uniform edition of the writings of Alphonse Daudet, Little, Brown & Co. have added "Jack" in two volumes, translated by Marion McIntyre; and, in one volume, "The Evangelist" translated by Olive Edwards Palmer, and "Rose and Ninette," translated by Charles de Kay. "Jack" is the longest of Daudet's stories, and if not the most

characteristic of his genius is one into which he threw most of his heart. Touched with humor, irony and pathos, it holds the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. One follows the fortunes, or more accurately, the misfortunes, of the hapless hero through his forlorn childhood to his pathetic death, with unflinching sympathy. It is a tragedy of unloved childhood, as touching in its way as that of "Oliver Twist." "The Evangelist" is a profoundly painful story, dealing with another sort of moral tragedy; and "Rose and Ninette," the slightest of the three, while not so pathetic as "Jack" nor so pessimistic as "The Evangelist" is a sad tale, with a moral worth pondering.

Matilde Serao's name stands high in the list of contemporary Italian writers, and there are critics who do not hesitate to call her one of the great novelists of the age. Harper & Bros. have done the American public a service in giving them a translation of her latest book, "The Land of Cockayne," a study of Neapolitan life with the lottery as its central interest. The book is planned on a large scale, with an intricate plot, actors from all grades of society, and an exuberance of detail, so that the reader is at first a little daunted by its size. But he does not turn many pages before he realizes that he has found something quite out of the common, and he soon yields to the grim fascination of the dreadful story. Unrelieved by a single touch of light, the gloom is almost too profound for artistic, though not for moral, effect. Donna Bianca—the delicate, half-distraught creature whose "visions" are to reveal to her father the mystic numbers that will restore the fortunes of their ancient house—is portrayed with rare insight and power, and it is in her pitiful romance that the tragedy reaches its climax.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Armenia: Travels and Studies. By H. F. B. Lynch. 2 vols. Illustrations and Maps. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Belgium and the Belgians. By Cyril Scudamore. William Blackwood & Sons.
- Boswell's Life of Johnson. New Edition. Edited by Augustine Birrell. Illustrated with Portraits selected by Ernest Radford from Contemporary Paintings and Engravings. Vol. I. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Bush-Whacking and Other Sketches. By Hugh Clifford. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- By Command of the Prince. By John Lawrence Lambe. Fisher Unwin.
- Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Children of the Nations, The: A Study of Civilization and its Problems. By Poultney Bigelow. Wm. Heinemann.
- Cicero's Time, The Legal Procedure of. By A. H. J. Greenidge. Oxford, Clarendon Press.
- Country I Come From, The. By Henry Lawson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- De Omnibus. By the Conductor (Barry Pain). Fisher Unwin.
- Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking, A. By Nigel Oliphant. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Divorce Laws of the United States, Tabulated Digest of. By Hugo Hirsh. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.50.
- Domine's Garden, The. By Imogen Clark. John Murray.
- English Bible, The Evolution of the: An Historical Sketch of the Successive Versions from 1382 to 1885. By H. W. Hoare. John Murray.
- Evangelist, The. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Olive Edwards Palmer. Also Rose and Ninette. Translated from Daudet by Charles De Kay. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Florentine History, The Two First Centuries of. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Fisher Unwin.
- Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray. Wm. Heinemann.
- Gower, John, The Works of. By G. C. Macaulay. — French and English Works. 3 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press.
- Her Ladyship's Secret. By William Westall. Chatto & Windus.
- Jack. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Marian McIntyre. Little, Brown & Co. 2 vols. Price \$1.50 per vol.
- Love and His Mask. By Méné Muriel Dowle. Wm. Heinemann.
- Makers of the Nineteenth Century. By Richard A. Armstrong, B.A. Fisher Unwin.
- Manchuria: Its People, Resources and Recent History. By Alexander Hosie. Methuen & Co.
- Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Mountains of the Moon, To the. By J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S. Hurst & Blackett.
- Naples: Past and Present. By A. H. Norway. Methuen & Co.
- Our Lady Vanity. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Sawdust. By Dorothea Gerard. Wm. Heinemann.
- Sir Hector. By Robert Machray. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Skipper of BarnCraig, The. By Gabriel Setoun. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Sower of Wheat, A. By Harold Bindloss. Chatto & Windus.
- Story of Bruges, The. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Illustrated by Edith Colomb and Hector Railton. J. M. Dent & Co.
- Striking Hours, The. By Eden Phillpotts. Methuen & Co.
- Talks on Writing English. Second Series. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.30 net; post-paid, \$1.45.
- Tessa: The Trader's Wife. By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin.
- Trewern: A Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas. Fisher Unwin.
- Westerners, The. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.50.

